

All the Good You Can as You Roll Along. Life is a One Way Street and You're Not Coming Back

BETHHEL OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

THE BETHHEL NEWS, 1895

Volume XXI—Number 32

NEWS of the WEEK

MORE MONEY MOVING
Washington, D. C.—Treasury Department reports that in the first months of this year, the number of coins minted exceeded the annual for the past ten years. In all, 1,000 coins rolled out of U. S. valued at \$28,186,143.

JUSTICE PAYS PROFIT
Washington, D. C.—For every spent by the Bureau of Inspection, Department of Justice, treasury received \$8 in return. Bureau has turned over \$38, which the nation otherwise have lost.

17 STATES OFF DOLE
Washington, D. C.—Direct relief given way to work-relief in South Carolina, Mississippi, Connecticut, making 17 states which the Government has submitted public works employment to date.

STAVISKY TRIAL OPENS

in France — After dragging nearly two years of delay, which it caused two French to topple, brought about riots in the streets of Paris, high ministries and caused death of the principal actor, by suicide or assassination at hands of the police, the Stavisky went to trial before three-judges at the Palace of Justice. Twenty defendants, counted by 66 lawyers, faced the charge of complicity in a swindle by Alexander Stavisky, whose manipulation of pawnshop funds cost French more than \$30,000,000.

OLD MAN TROUBLE
Joseph, Mo.—Languishing in because he couldn't provide in a theft charge, this is the Joe Taylor received from "Dear Joe: Someone stole or off your house. The cow been poisoned...the plaster rooms has fallen down... he stole the top off the stove or cross-cut saw is gone and that gallon of sorghum. I'd sooner tell you they stole fast four chickens but I can't find a stamp...moths are clothes and both children jump!"

GERMANY CONCEDES POINT
in Germany—Convinced by Henri Ballot-Latour, chair of the International Olympic Committee, that the anti-Jewish is that plaster this city and summer and winter resorts be a poor welcome to He- contestants, Adolf Hitler has their removal during the games next year.

NE WAGES; LESS WORK
Creak, Mich.—Workers in Kellogg cereal plant received a 12½ per cent increase in a 36-hour-week. This the wage scale higher than for a 48-hour-week. W. K. states his conviction that working days and higher pay provides the only solution to the country's unemployment; points with pride to dividends in 1928-29. In 1932-34, Earnings to a year \$5,282,400.

ROYAL WEDDING
in England—In sharp contrast to royal marriages, the of Lady Alice Montagu-Massett and the Duke of York, third son of King George V, were quietly celebrated small gathering at Buckingham Palace. The death of the Duke of Buccleuch, 79, reaches 1800 miles and families. One type of safeguarded interest. Aid work reaches 1800 miles and families and factories.

IN INDIA
in India—A small gathering at the Duke of Buccleuch, 79, reaches 1800 miles and families. One type of safeguarded interest. Aid work reaches 1800 miles and families and factories.

ELLA K. LITCHFIELD

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

These words, familiar to many, must come with added meaning to the friends of Miss Ella Litchfield who were so grievously shocked at the news of her seemingly untimely death which occurred on Thursday, November seventh, at her home at Pine Point, Maine.

Those who had been associated with Miss Litchfield the past few weeks knew that she was not well, though she did not complain, but, going about her work with her characteristic quiet determination to do her work faithfully and well, she kept on until Wednesday, October twenty-third, when, at the advice of her Principal, instead of attending the State Teachers Convention in Bangor she took advantage of the opportunity for a few days rest at her home. Members of the Academy Faculty were not surprised at the opening of school on the following Monday to learn that Miss Litchfield would be unable to return for a few days, but little did they dream of the sad news in store for them.

Miss Litchfield came to Gould Academy in the fall of 1920 to assume the duties of Preceptress in the girls' dormitory and instructor in French and Latin. During these fifteen years she has been unwavering in her loyalty to the school, its Principal, and its ideals, and in her devotion to the varied tasks and responsibilities of her position. Only those who lived and worked with Miss Litchfield can know of the long hours which she spent in the performance of her duties. Often she would spend the entire evening until the retiring hour in assisting pupils with their studies, thus making it necessary that her own work be done during the hours when she should have been resting. Whether her duty lay in the classroom, in supervising some extracurricular activity, in the social life of the school, in advising a student in personal matters, or in the solving of some disciplinary problem, she was faithful and conscientious almost to a fault, so seriously did she weigh her responsibilities.

In her dealings with the students Miss Litchfield was patient, kind, fair, sympathetic and firm, disregarding her own comfort and pleasure in her effort to develop the

Continued on Page Four

MRS. ABNER MANN GUEST SPEAKER AT GARDEN CLUB

At the third meeting of The Garden Club of Bethel, held at the home of Mrs. W. R. Chapman, Mrs. Abner Mann, president of the Bryant Pond Garden Club was the speaker, reviewing in a short talk the splendid work that the club there has done to beautify the town. She told of the work that could be done at winter meetings which was very interesting.

There were 22 present including the guest speaker. The next meeting will be held at Bethel Inn, Dec. 10, at 2:30. Officers of the club are:

President—Mrs. W. R. Chapman

Vice President—Mrs. Charlotte Blackwood

Second Vice President—Mrs. Grace Philbrook

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Maude Farwell

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Daisey LeClair

Treasurer—Miss Harriet Merrill

Librarian—Mrs. Ruth Carver

Auditor—Fred Merrill

Committee

Program—Mrs. Constance Alger

Membership—Mrs. Betty Thurston

Circle—Mrs. Addie Ramsell, Mrs. Paul Head, Mrs. A. R. Mason, Mrs. M. E. Hastings, Mrs. S. S. Greenleaf, Mrs. Alonso Chapman, Mrs. Ned Carter, Mrs. Robert Hastings, Mrs. Jack Chapman

Exchange—Mrs. Lena Kellogg

Exhibit—Mrs. Pearl Tibbets

Nominating—Mrs. Harry Hall

Program—Mrs. Kathryn Trimbach

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PAUL FREDERICK SLOCUM of Squaw Island, Sebago Lake, who announced his candidacy for representative to Congress from the First District on Armistice Day.

VILLAGE HOME DAMAGED IN MONDAY BLAZE

After several years of comparative inactivity, the Bethel fire department made a very creditable showing in what at first seemed to be a losing fight Monday afternoon. Fire discovered about two o'clock in the home of Roger Foster and family on the Grover Hill road. No one was at home at the time. Mrs. Foster having left about 11 o'clock. The work of the firemen in locating the actual fire was made very difficult by the dense smoke which also hampered efforts to save the furnishings, although much was saved from several rooms. The blaze started in the kitchen apparently but had spread into the shed before help arrived and smoke was pouring from the building. The stable was saved; the oil was badly damaged, and the principal loss in the main part of the house is probably from water, as the fire in that part was confined to a "blind" attic.

The property belongs to Mrs. Grace Glines Stearns and the loss is partially covered by insurance.

BETHEL MAN'S CAR FOUND IN ROCHESTER

Carmeno Onofrio and Deputy Sheriff A. S. Grover were in Rochester, N. H., Sunday to recover Mr. Onofrio's car, a Nash sedan, which was stolen Friday night at Conway where he was working in a mill. The car was abandoned in a side street at Rochester after the thief had run into and injured a police officer there.

"Y" PLAYS FRIDAY EVENING

The Girl Reserves and the Boys' "Y" will present three one-act plays in the William Bingham Gymnasium, Friday evening at 8:15 o'clock. This is the first time in many years that these groups have combined in presenting plays, and the three selected are of unusual entertainment value. Miss Ruth Leavengood, head of the department of dramatics, is directing the presentations and they bid fair to live up to the high quality which Miss Leavengood has produced in the past. The receipts will be shared alike by the Girl Reserves and the Boys' "Y"; the latter organization will use their share in sending a group of ten boys to the State Y. M. C. A. Conference which will be held in Bangor next week.

Tickets are on sale by students and may be exchanged for reserve seat tickets at Bosserman's drug store. The casts of characters follows:

Continued on Page Five

DANCE

BETHHEL GRANGE HALL

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 15

JORDAN'S ORCHESTRA

Indoor 15¢ Gents 25¢

Continued on Page Five

GOULD HONOR ROLL

The complete honor roll for the first ranking period at Gould Academy has been announced by Principal Frank E. Hanscom as follows: first honors—seniors: Chester Wheeler of Bethel; juniors, Clinton Bennett of Wilson's Mills; sophomores, Talbot Crane of Bethel; freshmen, Arlene Greenleaf and Helen Lowe of Bethel, and Anne Ring, Claire Robbins and John Tebbets of Locke Mills. Second honors—seniors: Evelyn Hunt, Pauline LaRue, Alfred Lovejoy, Alice Tyler and Esther Wheeler of Bethel, Persis Adams of Hartford, Verna Grover of Mason and Lillian Judkins of Upton; juniors, Rita Hutchins, O'Neill Robertson, Margaret Tibbets and Eriand Wentzel of Bethel, Donald Bennett of Wilson's Mills; sophomores, Florice Grover and John King of Bethel and Keene Swan of Locke's Mills; Freshmen, Virginia Chapman, Lydia Norton, Murray Thurston and Kathleen Wight of Bethel, Elizabeth Field of Hebron, Herbert Foote, Jr. of Canton, and Rita Salls of Locke's Mills.

W. P. A. PROJECT IN BETHHEL HELD UP

Owing to a change in the W. P. A. requirements for labor on the road widening and resurfacing project on Grover Hill and West Bethel Flat, it is not likely that this work will start. The new ruling permits only the employment of men who were on the relief lists May 1, and many of Bethel's men who were listed on that date are now at work. The original plan of using men seeking relief on Sept. 1 would provide ample labor.

SUPERIOR COURT

The November term of Superior Court convened at South Paris on Tuesday of last week, with Hon. George H. Worster of Bangor, the Justice presiding.

The grand jury was impanelled as follows:

Victor Akers, Andover, foreman Estelle A. Bell, Norway Edwin Burgess, Cornish Leslie T. Chandler, Harrison A. A. Conant, Hebron Charles F. Cummings, Norway Levi H. Emery, West Paris Arthur G. Fox, Lovell P. C. French, Oxford Mrs. Florence Haskell, So. Paris Will S. Holman, Dixfield R. B. Knight, No. Waterford Ernest Palmer, Ridlonville Maud Voter Pettengill, Rumford Abbie Potter, Denmark E. H. Smith, Bethel Ernest Sturtevant, West Peru John F. Weston, Fryeburg

Indictments

Friday afternoon the grand jury returned 17 indictments, six of which were secret. Included in the list is the indictment charging Victor Niskanen of Sumner with the murder of Charles P. Matta. Matta's body was found in a roadside ditch near the West Sumner school house in the early morning of Sept. 15. Other indictments included:

Elwood Blaisdell, Milton Dougay and William Goodwin, all of Rumford, breaking and entry in the night time at the Strand Theatre, Rumford, June 11.

Mrs. Fannie Parisa of Rumford, assault with intent to kill Rocco Deacono with a knife, July 17. The assailant is alleged to have taken place on High Street, Virginia.

Floyd Knox, West Peru, reckless driving. Knox was arrested following an auto accident on the Andover road Aug. 17, in which Raymond Floyd of West Peru sustained fatal injuries.

John Stanley, Mexico, assault upon Arthur Davis, 10 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Davis, Sept. 1.

Jack Knight, New Orleans, breaking, entry and the larceny of a pen and pocket knife, the property of

E. R. Gillander at Paris, June 18.

Continued on Page Five

THE RUMFORD CITIZEN, 1906

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BETHHEL AND VICINITY

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Forbes spent the week end in town.

Miss Eugenia Haselton is visiting Mrs. Arthur Bean at Norway.

Mrs. P. J. Clifford is visiting her cousin in Boston for two weeks.

Reginald Lobdell of Bartlett, N. H., is boarding at Leslie Coburn's. Stanley Allen was at home from Bowdoin College over the week end.

Asa Smith of Chatham, N. H., spent the week end at his home here.

Miss Florine Bean is spending two weeks with friends at Coaticook, Que.

Messrs. Walter Bergeron, Robert Fillion and Leo Polley of Newmarket, N. H., were week end guests of friends in town.

Miss Helen Anderson returned last week from Portland after a few weeks' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Bean of Phillips were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hall Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blake of Fryeburg were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Coburn.

L. A. Rhodenizer of Rockland, Mass., spent last week with his nephew, Lee Wentzell, and family.

Mrs. Hugh Thurston and Mrs. Leerey Hamlin visited Mrs. Thursday's parents at Scarborough Thursday and Friday of last week.

Miss Faye Sanborn of Boston, Miss Mary Sanborn and Mrs. Grant Maxson of South Portland spent the week end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Sanborn.

Miss Eleanor McIntire, who is working in town for the home lighting department of the Central Maine Power Company, spent the week end at her home in New Gloucester.

The members of the State Highway Commission and the County Commissioners were on the new road at South Bethel Wednesday afternoon where they met the land owners to determine the amount of damages.

Deputy Sheriff A. S. Grover was in Errol, N. H., Tuesday and Wednesday where he worked with New Hampshire and Vermont officers in arresting parties from those states who were employed on this side of the line.

John Root and family of Plainfield, Mass., are living in Mrs. Jennie Coburn's rent on Paradise St. Mr. Root is employed in the Aquila Service, White Mountain National Forest.

There will be a demonstration of bread at the Grange Hall, Friday, from 2 to 4 p. m., under the direction of Miss Rose Stoodnick of the Home Demonstration Department, Central Maine Power Co.

Boston Mother Tells a Secret

How do you keep your children so nice and healthy? This question pleases Mrs. McKay, who now tells her neighbors: "I happened to hear about

Dr. True's Elixir

Laxative Round Worm Expeller through a relative, as my little boy was for some time troubled with loss of appetite, restlessness at night and at times was very fretful, I decided to try Dr. True's Elixir . . . He began to improve immediately and in a very short time he was well . . . I would never be without it." — Mrs. E. G. McKay, 42A Saratoga St., Boston, Mass.

Signs of Round Worms are: Constipation, deranged stomach, swollen upper lip, offensive breath, hard and full stomach with pains, pale face, eyes heavy, short dry cough, grinding of the teeth, etc.

Jack Knight, New Orleans, breaking, entry and the larceny of a pen and pocket knife, the property of

E. R. Gillander at Paris, June 18.

Continued on Page Five

Successfully Used for 41 Years

THE COOK'S NOOK

BY HELEN C. RICHAN
Central Maine Power Company
Lewiston, Maine

Peanut brittle comes to the fore. In addition to being a nice crunchy companion to a good book and a good wholesome sweet for the children, there are a number of uses for it in the preparation of meals and party refreshments.

Roll it on a board with your rolling pin, put it through your food chopper, or do as we think easier, put the confection on a clean paper and crush finely with an empty cream bottle.

Now that your rolled, ground or crushed Peanut Brittle is ready, we're set for a lot of good things. First on our list is one of the easier methods of making ice cream:

Peanut Brittle Ice Cream

2-3 cup Condensed Milk
1/2 cup cold water
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup heavy cream

2-3 cup crushed peanut brittle
Method: Mix Condensed Milk, water and vanilla thoroughly. Chill, whip cream to custard-like consistency and fold into chilled mixture. Pour into freezing tray and place in freezing unit. After mixture has frozen to a stiff mush, remove to chilled bowl and beat thoroughly about two minutes. Fold in the crushed peanut brittle. Replace in pan and finish freezing.

If you want something easy and different try a variation of Tapioca Pudding:

Peanut Brittle Tapioca Cream

1 1/2 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
2 cups of milk
2 eggs
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
2-3 cup crushed peanut brittle
1/2 cup cream whipped

Method: Scald milk and tapioca and cook until tapioca is transparent. Add salt to eggs and beat slightly. Pour milk and tapioca over eggs, stirring well, return to double boiler until the mixture thickens. Cool at once, then fold in the crushed peanut brittle and the whipped cream. Pile in sherbet glasses and top with a cherry or a few chopped nuts or some of the peanut brittle.

For an extra special dessert to be cut and served at the table, make a—

Peanut Brittle Cream Cake

Use your favorite light or sponge cake. Bake in two 8 inch layers. Cool, fill and top with the following:
1 cup cream whipped
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
2-3 cup crushed peanut brittle
Whip the cream stiff enough to hold its shape, but not to a buttery consistency. Add vanilla and fold in crushed peanut brittle.

Peanut Brittle Sauce

Melt crushed peanut brittle over hot water and add 1/4 cup heavy cream. Delineate on ice cream or as sauce for hot cake of the cottage pudding variety.

And the last word in new sandwiches is the combination of crushed peanut brittle and cream cheese. Use from 2 to 4 tablespoonsful to a package of cream cheese, add a dash of salt, and thin with cream to a spreading consistency, if necessary. Use on rye, graham or Boston Brown bread—and are they good! Well, it's just one of those things which you have to try to become convinced.

We have started you off on the dessert course, so we'll end up with one good practical recipe which will prove a real "rib-sticker":

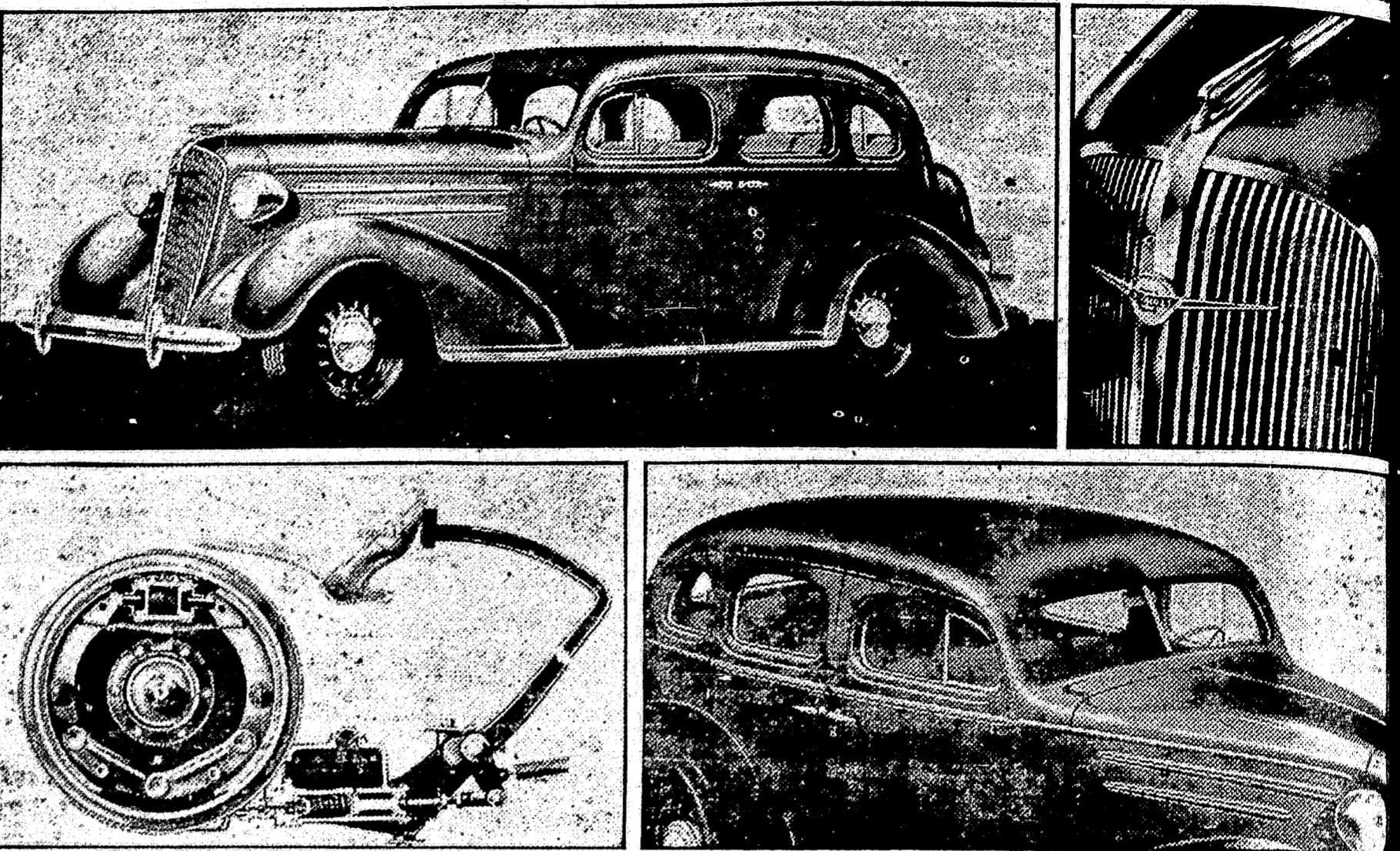
Vegetable Meat Loaf

2 lbs. Hamburg Steak,
1/4 lb. Salt Pork
1 small onion
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
6 common crackers
1 can vegetable soup

Method: Have the salt pork ground with beef. Add other ingredients and pat into loaf and place in a greased pan. Cook in moderately hot oven (400 deg.) for 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Whole onions or potatoes may be baked in pan with meat, or may be steamed in oven in separate covered dishes.

Sixteen evergreens, or cone bearing trees, are native to the State of Maine. All but one, the Ground Hemlock, belong to the Pine family.

1935 Master De Luxe and Standard Chevrolets are Replete with New Features



New Master De Luxe and Standard Chevrolets for 1936 show marked advances in appearance and in engineering. Perfected hydraulic brakes, high-compression engines with full-length water jackets, and balanced carburetion are among the mechanical improvements. The solid steel Turret Top Fisher body is now used on the Standard as well as the Master De Luxe models.

Either Knee-Action or conventional springing may be had in the Master models. The illustrations show: Top left, the Master De Luxe sport sedan, with built-in trunk; top right, the re-styled, deeply moulded radiator grille, used on all models; lower left, the simple arrangement of Chevrolet's perfected hydraulic brakes, all models; and, lower right, a Standard sedan.

LADIES' NIGHT AT BEAR RIVER GRANGE

Bear River Grange met in regular session, Saturday evening, Nov. 2d. The chairs were filled by the following ladies:

Master—Carrie French
Overseer—Addie Saunders
Lecturer—Katherine Brinck
Steward—Edna Smith
Ass't Steward—Minnie Bennett
Chaplain—Carrie Wight
Secretary—Gwendolyn Holt
Gate Keeper—Pearl Kilgore
Ceres—Amy Bennett
Pomona—Bertha Bean
Flora—Ida Wight
L. A. Steward—Josephine Smith
Treasurer—Nellie Holt.

Grange opened in form and W. M. P. Q. Brinck read a communication from "Grange Educational Aid Fund" asking for funds. It was decided that the Worthy Master and Worthy Lecturer give an Educational Program for this cause. The Willing Workers turned over to the secretary of the Grange, \$15. A letter was read in regard to the annual session of Maine State Grange to be held in Portland, Nov. 3, 4 and 5, and it was voted to send the Worthy Master and wife and pay expenses.

Worthy Lecturer Bennett announced next meeting to be Gentlemen's Night. The committee: L. E. Wight, E. L. Holt, P. O. Brinck.

At this time a wedding gift from the Grange was presented. Brother and Sister Ernest Holt, with an appropriate poem by Sister Carrie Wight. Sister Holt responded with appropriate remarks.

There were 26 members and one visitor present. Meeting was closed before the program.

Opening Song, No. 83 Patron Tableau, Patriotism

Reading, Amy Bennett

Tableau, The Sowers

Animal Sketch, Pauline Bean and Miss Nowlin

Play, Tom's Arrival, Ida Wight

Reading, Ethel Vall and Carrie Wight

Relay Race for Brothers, arranged by Addie Saunders

Reading, Nellie Holt

Reading, Josephine Smith

Recitation, Ella Brown

Cake Walk, Cake won by Fred Wight

A box supper was enjoyed at the close of the program. \$5.40 was realized from the boxes. The Ladies will take boxes Saturday night and auction them off to Brothers.

Farmers sold \$636,000,000 worth of products in September, compared with \$547,000,000 in August, and with \$629,000,000 in September 1934, according to estimates of the United States Department of Agriculture. Benefit payments are not included in these figures.

ALDER RIVER GRANGE FAIR

The fair and entertainment given by Alder River Grange, Thursday evening was well attended and a financial success. The entertainment was good and won much applause.

The Annual Fall Style Show, featuring newest garments from Paris: negligee, house dresses, afternoon frocks, sport wear, suits, coats and evening gowns. The models were Guy Bartlett, Leslie Noyes, William Hastings, Rodney Howe, Bernard Bartlett, S. B. Newton, R. D. Hastings, Ceylon Kimball, Mellon Kimball and Junior Bartlett.

Monologue, Mrs. J. C. Bartlett with Pictures illustrated by Miss Agnes Howe, Mrs. Nevens, Miss Jolikko, Mrs. Noyes, Mrs. Ruth Hastings, Mrs. Florence Hastings, Mrs. Laura Bartlett, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Rose Bartlett.

Farce, The Minister's Mistake; Mrs. Smith, Miss Jolikko

Maid, Mrs. Nevens
Minister, Guy Bartlett

Meeting of the Ladies Farm Bureau Parts were taken as follows

President Bernice Noyes,

Leslie Noyes, Robert Hastings
Ruth, William Hastings

Doris, Ceylon Kimball

Rose, Guy Bartlett

Marguerite, Cleve Bartlett

Sadie, Malcolm Farwell

Lillian, Mollen Kimball

Edith, Rodney Howe

This was a clever take-off of a millinery meeting, with jokes about each member. About fifty dollars was made at this time: thus earning enough for taxes with some to spare.

Rowe Hill, Greenwood

Mrs. Newton Bryant was home from South Paris over Sunday.

Frank Packard of South Paris is at his camp here for a few days.

Rev. James McKillop of Bryant Pond has been camping on Indian Lake with a group of boys. They have been working on a camp.

Carl and Ernest Brooks were at home from South Bethel over Sunday.

Ronald Brooks sprained his wrist cranking a car recently.

Mrs. Silvia Eates was a week end guest at Newton Bryant's.

Mr. and Mrs. Durward Lang and son Merl of Woodstock were at Newton Bryant's, Sunday.

Sunday callers at Mont Brooks' were Henry Brooks, Mrs. Martha Noyes, Miss George Yates and Durward Lang.

There was a party at the Cabin Saturday evening with an interesting program.

Leslie Eates has been trucking his wood home.

Miss Winifred Bryant was at Greenwood Center, Monday.

SONGO POND

Mrs. Mae Cash visited her sister, Mrs. Frank Smith of Locke Monday evening.

A. B. Kimball, Leonard Kimball and Joe Hamel were in Rumford Saturday on business.

Little Leona Kimball has been quite sick with the mumps.

Mrs. Mae Cash called on Mr. and Mrs. Perry Ralney at South Bethel, the Albany Town House, Saturday night.

Lee Mills has started operations Sunday callers at Leonard Kimball's, at the mine he leased from A. B. Kimball, were Fred Little, M. of Albany, Herschel Waller of Bethel, Hollis Grindle, Dan Child and Mr. and Mrs. Albany Kimball.

Frank Smith of Locke Mills were West Bethel, in Rumford, Tuesday, on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bryant and son George of Auburn visited Mr. Bryant's sister, Mrs. Mae Cash, on Sunday and Monday.

Apple pomace is reported to be a common feed for cows.

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There was a very large crowd.

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Apple

A CRUEL PLOT

D. S. BROOKS

gold anything be more cruel to plot the death of a man had given his life unselfishly the good of his nation? From quartette of Hebrew Princes, man in our narrative still doing an active work in his days. Daniel has been an outstanding figure in Babylon under rule of three monarchs. He his life communing with the angel. He had the vision to correctly interpret the troublesome ways of his sovereigns when the sages and wise men had failed. His wisdom, loyalty, and executive ability raised him in the esteem of Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, and Darius, ever changing political affairs the empire had created this latter personage as a sort of viceroy of Cyrus. But he ruled with the purity of king.

Daniel had been, for more than years, an officer in the king's army and was considered by the men of power as a statesman of maximum ability. Darius had been happy to appoint this sage a place next to the throne. He was more than president of the senate; he was chief advisor of national activities. We have entertained the opinion that had been better if he had "the crown" in place of those rulers. Then, practically all corruption practiced in the

prosperity would have been eliminated. Babylonian history would have a different reading in the schools of today. But he did much to restrain the sea of corruption engulfing all of civilization, more to Daniel for benefits the world enjoys today than ever will be realized; and yet we may pass over his record: like a fairy tale. The influence of solesome career lives on forever. Though it may seem to be a tiny ripple on the sea of life, continues to advance until it reaches the eternal shore.

Mr. Cash visited her sister, Smith of Locke M. Kimball, Leonard Kimball were in Rumson Business. Anna Kimball has been with the mumps. as a very large crowd Town House. Sat

callers at Leonard Kimball's

the Fred Littleton of

schel Walker of Bel

and Mrs. Alby Kimball

el.

omance is reported to

and for pound, to com

sueulent feed for a

Our hero could not be bought,

motto was "Justice for All."

aw us a man, who identifies

self as a lover of Truth and

who has no enemies!

it a temptation for some to

their standard (just a little);

they may receive the homage of

corrupters. Wire-pulling and

teasing of a fat roll of go-

ment notes put many a man in

million that he has no business

up. Daniel made many bitter

faces because of his straight

te. His adversaries held a se-

conference and swore they

get rid of him by a cunning

plot. They gestulated

over the prospect; and

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Maine's Potato Queen Opens Season



MISS VALESKA WARD of Limestone, Me., "Maine Potato Queen," starts the first consumers size package of potatoes, graded U. S. 1, under the new Maine branding law, for the housewives of the country. Miss Ward filled and tied the first package which will be fol-

lowed by carloads containing millions of packages. This latest method of shipping delivers the potatoes direct from the farm warehouses in Maine to the kitchen and assures the housewives that they are receiving the type of potato that is marked on their package under the new law.

STATES CALL QUOTAS LOW, MAINE'S SHARE LARGEST

Potato growers from all the New England states except Maine and Vermont are reported to have protested the size of their state allotments at the hearing held in Boston a few days ago.

Maine's 1935 potato crop that can be sold free of tax is 32,799,000 bushels, Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace had previously announced. This is about 14% of the national potato allotment of 226,600,000 bushels.

According to Agricultural Adjustment Administration economists, a crop of this size will return to growers a price approximately equal to that received during the period 1919 to 1929.

The Extension Service of the Maine College of Agriculture will use its personnel to acquaint farmers with the provisions of the potato act. The enforcement of the program will not be handled by extension agents.

State and county committees will be named before individual and community allotments are made.

Potatoes are grown on about half the six million farms in the United States. About 600 thousand farms report potato sales. In the period 1930-34, United States average averaged a little more than three million acres, and production averaged 354 million bushels.

DODGE AND PLYMOUTH CARS

DODGE TRUCKS

1/2 to 5 Ton

O. K. CLIFFORD CO., INC.
SOUTH PARIS

Bread Demonstration

Bethel Grange Hall
Friday, November 15

2 P. M.

Under the supervision of Miss Rose Stoodnick
of the Home Service Department of the
CENTRAL MAINE POWER CO.

EVERYBODY INVITED

MAINE 1935 CROP PRODUCTION

GROWERS SOON CAN APPLY FOR 1936 POTATO QUOTA

The Maine potato crop as now estimated is the smallest crop produced since 1928, according to a joint report released today by the United States and Maine Departments of Agriculture.

In Maine the outlook at 33,080,000 bushels compares with 44,078,000 bushels the five year (1928-1932) average and 55,240,000 bushels the record crop harvested last year. Weather conditions during October were favorable to the completion of harvesting. Yields are extremely variable this year but in many instances are turning out somewhat better than expected earlier in the season. Quality is only fair with considerable damage resulting from "air-cracking" particularly in Aroostook County. The potato crop for the United States is now estimated at 354 million bushels compared with 383 million bushels harvested last year and 363 million bushels the five year average 1928-1932. Losses from freezing to both undug and harvested potatoes occurred in important northern and western states.

The total production of apples in Maine is estimated at 893,000 bushels, which is larger than last year's short crop but is still far below the five year (1928-1932) average. Baldwins in Maine are a light crop this year reported at 37% of a full crop. McIntosh are reported as 52%. The commercial production of Northern Spy 44% and Ben Davis 588,000 bushels compares with 368,000 bushels last year and a five year average production of 1,147,000 bushels. The 1935 commercial crop in the United States totals 96 million bushels compared with 74 million bushels in 1934 and with the five year average of 98 million bushels.

Buckwheat yields in Maine are reported below average and about five bushels below last year. The yield of dry beans of 780 pounds per acre is above last year's yield but is still below the five year average. Preliminary production of dried beans in the United States is estimated at 13,806,000-100 pound bags which compares with a production of 10,360,000-100 pound bags harvested last year.

Leave Orders for Thanksgiving Chickens, Turkeys, Fowl

Allen's Market

Phone 122

FRIDAY-SATURDAY

SPECIALS

Beef Pot Roasts, 21¢

Top Round, 31¢

Fresh Lean
Hamburg, 2 lbs. 39¢

Oven Roast, 27¢ and 32¢

Leave Orders for Thanksgiving Chickens, Turkeys, Fowl

Ladies' New Fall and Winter

HATS

at Less Than Cost

All Our Ladies' \$1.98 Hats..... 1.19

All Our Ladies \$1.50 Hats..... 89¢

The above hats are direct from designer and manufacturer who closes these hats out to us and we pass the saving on.

ALSO SOME NEW FALL AND WINTER MERCHANDISE
AT GOOD SAVINGS

House Dresses Shirts

Percale Ties

Hosiery Belts

Sweaters Pajamas

Sweater Coats Caps

Slips Boy's Sweaters

Mittens and many other

Gloves items

THE STUDIO SHOPPE

3 BROAD STREET, BETHEL

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
PUBLISHED THURSDAYS AT
BETHEL, MAINE
CARL L. BROWN, Publisher
Entered as second class matter,
May 7, 1908, at the post office at
Bethel, Maine.

Single copies of the Citizen are on sale at the Citizen office and also by
W. E. Bosselman, Bethel
Chamberlin's Fruit Store, Bethel
Donald and Irving Brown, Bethel
Robert Perry, West Bethel
George Stearns, Hanover
Leo Estes, Locke Mills
Theodore Dunham, Bryant Pond
Clayton Holden, Gilhead

Any letter or article intended for publication in the Citizen must bear the signature and address of the author and be written on only one side of the paper. We reserve the right to exclude, or publish contributions in part.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1935

BETHEL NEEDS

More and Better Sidewalks—winter and summer
Night Watchman—All the Year
Rural Fire Protection
Enforced Traffic Rules
Australian Ballot System for Town Meetings

CIVIC PRIDE

"He who sows the ground with care and diligence acquires a greater stock of religious merit than he could gain by the repetition of ten thousand prayers."—Zoroaster

That we may have a keener enjoyment of all plant names, know the life history of plants, trees and shrubs, search for the deeper meaning of gardening, and learn the meads of Nature are some of our reasons for belonging to a Garden Club.

The success of our club depends upon the full cooperation of the general public, the business men and public officials, together with all club members.

Mutual interest in the art of gardening and civic beauty blinds families as well as communities.

There is great enjoyment in gardening and it is an occupation for which no man is too high or too low.

"The Kiss of the Sun for Pardon, The Kiss of the Birds for Mirth, You are nearer God's Heart in a Garden Than anywhere else on Earth."

In view of the fact that cleanliness is next to Godliness and cleanliness as cleanliness is essential in every home, why isn't it essential in our streets.

The streets are unsightly and unsanitary. We want clean streets, and to secure permanent improvement we must have public support. Every citizen of Bethel should have civic pride and they, together with the Garden Club of Bethel, should have an ideal and all work together to perfect that ideal. We always like the thing that through sacrifice and effort we have created.

A great deal of help is to be had for the asking. Lack of money is no excuse.

Our grand business undoubtedly is not to see what lies dimly in the distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

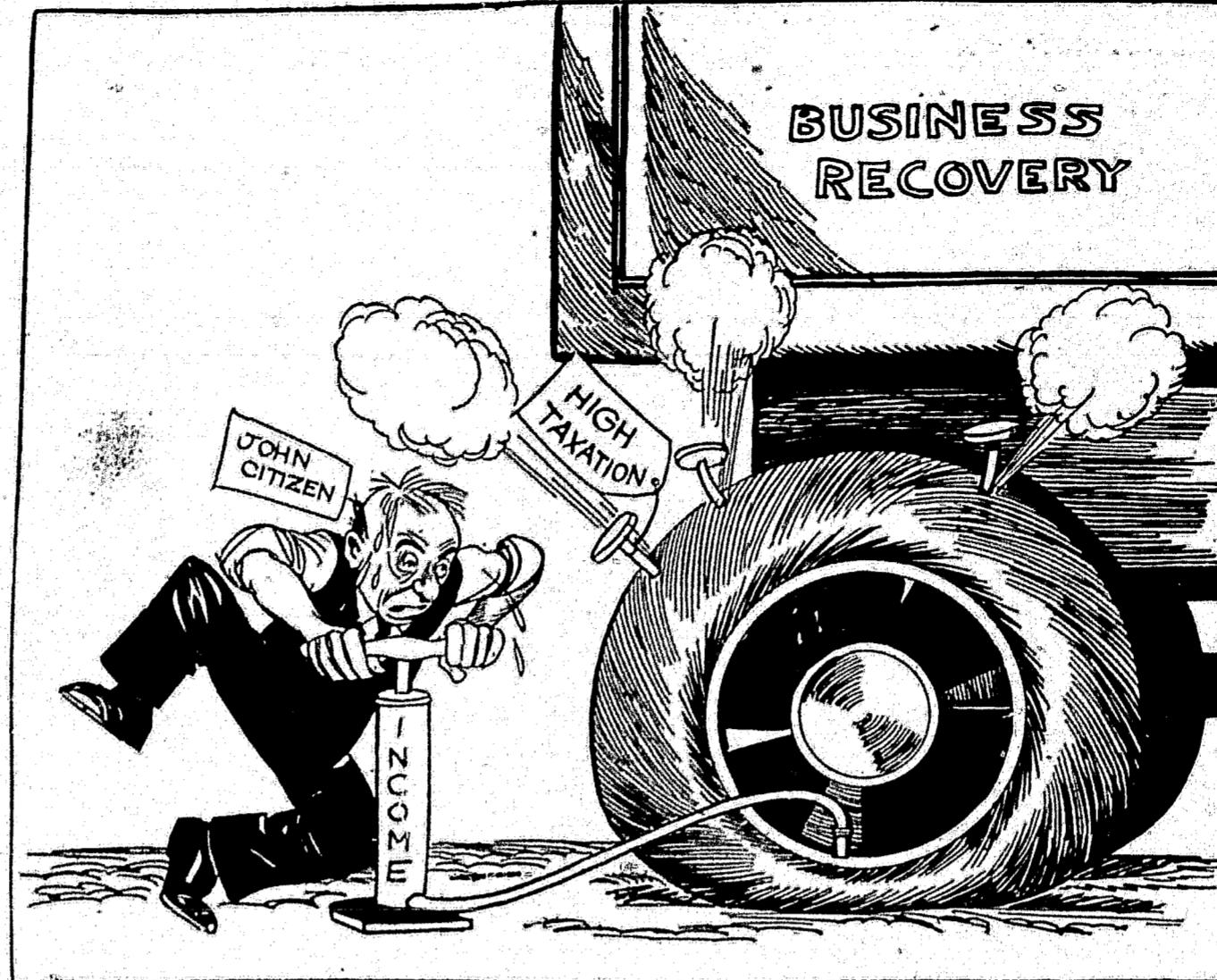
Let's get going.

HARRY N. MILLS

Harry N. Mills, superintendent of the power house of the Twin State Gas and Electric Co. at Gorham, N. H., for the past 27 years, died Sunday at his home in Gorham after an illness of six months.

He was born in West Bethel 59 years ago, the son of William Dexter and Emma Mason Mills. When a young man he went to Worcester, Mass., where he had employment. He married Miss Ida Hartshorn of Worcester. For some time they resided at West Bethel and 26 years ago moved to Gorham. Mr. Mills has been an active member of Gorham Lodge, A. F. and A. M. for many years.

Mr. Mills is survived by his wife, and three children, Maynard and Richard of Gorham and Mrs. Dorothy Amos of Portsmouth, N. H.; three brothers, Claude of Portland, William of Poland Springs, and Francis of Quincy, Mass.; and one sister, Mrs. Grace Bartlett of Bethel.



ELLA K. LITCHFIELD

Continued from Page One

beat in each student entrusted to her care.

For the past four years Miss Litchfield has served as Faculty Advisor for the Girl Reserves, a task which she voluntarily and joyfully accepted, giving generously of her time and thought in promoting the work of this organization which has been far-reaching in its influence among the girls of the school.

Not only has Gould Academy lost an efficient teacher, a wise counselor, and a true friend, as hundreds of students, past and present, will testify, but in every walk of life—in her home, in her church and its affiliated organizations, in the Rebekah and Pythian Sister lodges of which she was a member, and in the communities where she lived and labored Miss Litchfield has left her imprint of unselish womanly service.

These words from the pen of Henry Van Dyke most fittingly apply to Miss Litchfield's life at Gould Academy as witnessed by those who, in a measure, shared her work and responsibilities.

"Let me but do my work from day to day.

In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;

Let me but find it in my heart to say,

When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,

'This is my work, my blessing,
not my doom;

Of all who live, I am the one by whom

This work can best be done in the right way."

Members of the Gould faculty and of the student body attended the funeral service on Sunday afternoon at Miss Litchfield's home at Pine Point. The service was conducted by Dr. H. T. Wallace of the Bethel Congregational Church, of which Miss Litchfield was a faithful member. Dr. Wallace paid fitting tribute to her life of devoted service, taken so suddenly from its broad field of usefulness. The profusion of beautiful flowers spoke eloquently of the love and esteem in which she was held by friends in the institutions, organizations and communities which she served so faithfully.

To the bereaved family, especially to the frail mother, the sisters, and the cousin, Miss Annabel Snow who from childhood has lived as a daughter in the Litchfield home, the Trustees, Faculty and students of Gould Academy and scores of grateful parents and friends in Bethel and vicinity extend their deep sympathy.

"No grief or sorrow is too great for God to understand. He'll hide your saddened soul within the hollow of His hand. The everlasting arms beneath shall hold and comfort too. And all the hearts you love will beat In sympathy with you."

ECONOMIC HIGHLIGHTS

1926, be a good period for business continuing, and 1936 should, in the

Happenings That Affect the Dinner Palis, Dividend Checks and Tax Bills of Every Individual, National and International Problems, Inseparable from Local Welfare.

No depression year has seen such sustained improvement in business as 1935. In other years since 1929, there were substantial advances, these were followed by recessions that took us back to extreme lows.

This year practically every branch of commerce and trade has made big gains and has held them. One of the most authoritative business magazines forecasts that during November the industrial barometer will pass the comparable period of 1931, when conditions were much better than in 1932, 1933 or 1934.

Here is a digest of business changes taken from a Business Week chart. Comparisons are for the first nine months of 1935 with the first nine months of 1934.

Up Down % %

	Up	Down	
Steel Production	17		
Automobile Production	23		
Construction	1		
Residential construction showed a gain of 80%, but this was slightly more than offset by declines in non-residential, public works and utilities construction.			
Lumber Production	1		
Electric Power Production	8		
Factory Employment	3		
Factory Payrolls	10		
Silk Consumption	13		
Wool Consumption	96		
Cigarette, Cigar Consump.	5		
Petroleum Prod. Consump.	5		
Hard Coal Production	11		
Soft Coal Production	0.1		
Machine Tool Orders	88		
Cement Shipments	5		
Carloadings	1		
Heaviest drop was livestock loadings, a 38% decline. Improvements of 15 and 19%, respectively, were registered in loadings of forest products and ore.			
Insurance Sales	3		
Department Store Sales	4		
Rural Sales	20		
Paint, Varnish, Lacquer	18		
Home Refrigerator Sales	15		
Oil Burner Shipments	38		
Check Transactions	13		
(140 Cities)			
Stock Dividends	6		

The cost of living, still quoting Business Week, was 5% higher in the first nine months of 1935 than in the same period last year. Food was up an average of 12%, a 32% jump in meat prices marking the largest advance. Housing was up 5% and clothing 3%. Sole item in this bracket to show a drop was fuel and light, which declined by 2%.

The wholesale price structure, including 784 items, rose 7%. Major changes were as follows: Farm products up 25%; food products, up 20 per cent; building materials, down 2%; metals, down 1%; chemicals, up 6%.

Farm income improved by 7%. Small change was shown in stock values, a drop of 2% being registered, while bond prices rose 4%.

As noted before, the rise is con-

tinuing after "normal years," such as

Only a few months ago it was widely said that the League of Nations was a colossal failure. Today there seems to be an excellent chance that it will be able to do what seemed the impossible stop Mussolini's African colonization ambitions.

Italian troops are still fighting in Ethiopia. Italian papers, which are merely the echoes of the dictator, still say that Mussolini's war-like spirit is unquelled. But, at Geneva, Italian spokesmen are talking in much softer voices. They seem genuinely worried.

Reason: Through League action, 50 nations have pledged themselves to stiff economic sanctions against Italy—and England, leader of the League in the present crisis, has refused to reduce its Mediterranean fleet, is sending still more ships to key points.

Americans Are Hard to Scare

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

During the past few years there has been advocated in this country a pseudo-medical claim.

It is the Philosophy of Fear. It is preached by those who would destroy our faith in America as a nation and in the individual American as a self-reliant, self-respecting citizen, able and eager to pull his own weight in the boat.

It seeks to convince us that opportunity in America has vanished, that individual courage and initiative are futile, that we should look to government or other agencies, rather than to ourselves, for guidance and support.

That's what's behind most of the queer social and economic panaceas being urged on us today. That's the emotion—Fear—that the men and women who foster such foreign-brewed nostrums are trying to arouse in the American people. It's a preliminary step—as Europe has proved—toward Communism and Dictatorship and other paternalistic forms of government inimical to our American tradition of individual liberty, in thought and in action.

But the effort is doomed to failure. Americans, as a people, are hard to scare. Their history proves it.

Timid men could not have conquered a continent. Timid men could not have built a great nation out of tangled forests and wind-swept prairies and desert wastes. Timid men could not have created our vast agricultural and industrial empire.

It took men of courage, with faith in themselves and in their country, to achieve those things. It took the typical American worker and citizen. And just as it was this typical American—not the demagogue or the theorist—who made our country great, it will be the typical American worker and citizen who continues her progress.

America, as I have said elsewhere, is still full of such Americans. And anyone who thinks he can scare them into acting like the frightened peasants of Eastern Europe simply doesn't get the meaning of our national history.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—Continued from Page One

PADEREWSKI'S PROTEST
Morges, Switzerland — Five years ago Ignace Jan Paderewski, famous pianist, left his native land forever, stung by criticism of his term as Premier. Hearing Polish officialdom planned a national celebration in honor of his 70th birthday, the aging man said: "I have never troubled my countrymen and I do not wish they should be bothered now on account of me."

BUSINESS FORGES AHEAD
New York City—End of the nine months' period finds steady improvement in industry. Construction leads with 97% gain over corresponding period last year; 39%; chemicals, 29%; utilities, 14%. Of 24 representative corporations, only six failed to better 1934 figures.

SPECIAL RURAL DELIVERY
Baltimore, Md.—Thomas Bresnan, a local letter carrier, "discouraged" at the mountain mail turned over to him for delivery, so he dumped part of it nearby clump of woods. A Federal judge placed Bresnan under probation for two years.

PHILIPPINE COMMONWEALTH LAUNCHED

Manila, Philippines—President Garner, Speaker of

House of Representatives by

Secretary of War Dern, 17 Sena-

tors and 27 Congressmen gave offi-

cial color to the first step toward

independence of the Philippines,

the next ten years, the Islands

operate as a Commonwealth at

U. S. sovereignty, with Washin-

ton supervising their trade and for-

ce policy. In 37 years of Ameri-

can rule, Philippine population

grown from 6,000,000 to 14,000,

living standards of natives

risen 300 per cent above the

neighboring Japanese, Chinese,

and Korean.

DEATH FOR SLAPPED FACE

White Bluff, Tenn.—Baxter said he was drunk and did not remember what he had done; his husband, three brothers-in-law, a cousin of Mrs. Luther Dill, couldn't forget that he slapped her face. Next morning they took Bell away from Mrs. Louis Donelly, drove four miles out of town and shot her through the heart. Later they turned over the marshal's gun and all five were in jail charged with murder.

No. 15 lynching this year, less than in the same time last year. In 1892 the peak total

231.

MILK IS MILK

Chicago, Ill.—In an effort to disprove pseudo-medical claims, the Journal of the American Medical Association characterizes as "ridiculous" the claims advanced in the advertising campaign of New York State Milk Control Board. With \$400,000 to spend, Board's advertising has used resses, writers, athletes to monologize milk as good for the complexion, a cure for the "aching after" jitters, and other things.

"It should be unnecessary to point out," editorializes the journal, "that milk is the only food whose sole function is to serve as food."

"CHRISTENDOM" MAKES PRAISE

Chicago, Ill.—Edited by Charles G. Morrison, for 27 years a sponsor of The Christian Cause, a new quarterly appears featuring "time and detachment to things over." Its name is "Christendom," and the first number includes contributions from some of the known divines of the English-speaking world. For its first issue, 4,000 persons sent in subscriptions. 80 per cent of them clergymen.

"BILLY" SUNDAY'S DEATH

Chicago, Ill.—After 45 years of preaching, during which he is said to have reached 800,000 people, Dr. William A. ("Billy") Sunday is dead at 72 years. Sunday was America's most popular evangelist; he brought the gospel to the masses and to the early vocation, that of a baseball player. He is credited with raising \$120,000 for converts in 1917 in a huge revival led by John D. Rockefeller. In 1922, the Federal Council of Churches found only 200 people who had been "saved." To which the evangelist replied, "No business does as much business as it like to."

William Wood

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from Page One

SKY'S PROTEST
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Stuff'n' Dates
by Ned MooreTHE EARLIEST CLOCKS
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BABBLING.

Copyright Western Newspaper Union

WITH THE POETS

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BETHEL AND VICINITY

Dr. E. L. Brown with his brother,
Dr. Maurice Brown of Needham,
Mass., Richard Millett of Portland,
and Irving Barrows of South Paris
enjoyed a hunting trip at Sturte-
vant Pond last week, returning on
Thursday with three deer.The clam shell shovel now in op-
eration on the South Bethel road
near the town line has attracted
much attention during the past
week. It is being used in excavat-
ing the mud in the new road loca-
tion. In some places hardpan is ten
feet below the surface of the
swamp. The cut is filled as fast as
the mud is taken out and it is ex-
pected the excavation will be com-
pleted this week. The culverts for
the entire job are about all done
and the work as a whole is pro-
gressing satisfactorily.SUPERIOR COURT
—Continued from page one—Samuel Snow, Buckfield, break-
ing, entry and larceny, Sept. 23.
Goods and chattels valued at \$19.75,
the property of Emma Smith.Alfred Gauthier, Rumford, trans-
porting a female for prostitution,
in a side-swiping accident at Dix-
field.John Stearns, Jr., Fryeburg,
breaking, entry and larceny at the
store of William H. Shepherd, Aug.
13.Henry Perry, Fryeburg, breaking,
entry and larceny at the garage of
H. I. Perkins, Aug. 14.Lovell Chandler, Sumner, larceny
of \$125 from a dwelling house, the
property of Lemuel D. Bryant, Aug.
30.

Naturalizations

Wednesday was devoted to nat-
uralization matters with examina-
tions by Justice Worster. Fifteen
petitions were granted and five ap-
plicants continued for further
study. Those admitted were:Allan James Buotte, Rumford,
Canada; Evelina Bourge, Rumford,
Canada; Paul Emile Langlais, Rumford,
Canada.Desmas LeBlanc, Rumford, Can-
ada; Joseph Doucette, Mexico, Canada

I. \$3.00 \$2.20 70

II. 6.00 2.50 73

III. 1.00 1.90 44

IV. 3.00 2.50 56

\$13.00 \$9.10

Grammar School

V. \$4.00 \$2.25 50

VI. 1.00 1.20 48

VII. 1.00 1.45 60

VIII. 3.00 2.45 70

\$9.00 \$7.35

Second and Eighth have banners.

The petition of Mary Padgalskas,

Mexico, who was once a naturalized
citizen but lost her citizenship by
marrying a foreigner, was granted.

Traverse Jury

The traverse jury was impanel-
led as follows Thursday:Roy G. Wardwell, Albany, fore-
man

Lester V. Ashton, Norway

D. A. Bisbee, Canton

George W. Cushman, Woodstock
Chester Elliot, Dixfield
Eugene F. Haines, Paris
Cedric Judkins, Upton
Floyd Mason, Gilford
B. J. Robertson, Rumford
Mildred Stanwood, Rumford
Mrs. George Thompson, Bethel
Edwin Waterhouse, CantonThe automobile damage suit
brought by Mrs. Mary M. Chandler
and Mrs. Florence E. Perham, both
of Paris, seeking to collect \$10,000each from Lawrence Hanscom of
Otisfield for injuries received in a
collision were settled out of court,
as were suits by Walter M. Chand-
ler and Edwin Perham for \$2000each for hospital bills and expenses
resulting from their wives' injuries,
and a \$500 claim from Chandler for
car damage.Lovell Chandler of Sumner was
found not guilty of the larceny of
\$125 from Lemuel D. Bryant. Therewas conflicting testimony regard-
ing the sale of a pint bottle of gin by

Chandler and the alleged theft.

NORTH NEWRY

Schools in town were closed on Monday, Armistice Day.

Miss Carrie Wight returned from Portland, Monday.

S. T. Tripp was called to Worcester, Mass., last week by the sudden death of his brother.

Miss Ramona Morton is at home for a few days.

Miss Helen Richardson of Auburn spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. J. B. Vail.

The Young People held their meeting at Fred Wight's, Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Hanscom had for callers Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gilkey and niece from Colebrook, N. H., and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cole of Locke Mills.

L. E. Corbett and Lester Proof went to Magalloway last week to work on the road.

Wight's Brook Camps were full over Armistice Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Wildes and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Wildes returned to their home in Kennebunk on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reynolds called at L. E. Wight's, Sunday P.M.

Mr. Everett Lane of Upton and Miss Evelyn Bartlett of Mexico were married at Upton Friday night, Nov. 8 by L. E. Wight, Justice of the Peace.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Coolidge of Greenwich, Conn., were in town the first of this week.

Charter No. 7613
Reserve District No. 1
REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE
BETHEL NATIONAL BANK OF
BETHEL IN THE STATE OF
MAINE, AT THE CLOSE OF
BUSINESS ON NOV. 1st,
1935

(Published in response to call made by Comptroller of Currency, under Section 5211, U. S. Revised Statutes.)

ASSETS

1. Loans and discounts.	\$74,174.77
2. Overdrafts.	231.91
3. United States Government obligations, direct and/or fully guaranteed.	43,912.50
4. Other bonds, stocks, and securities.	149,347.33
5. Real estate owned other than banking house.	1,500.00
6. Reserve with Federal Reserve bank.	28,848.27
7. Cash in vault and balances with other banks.	63,018.18
8. Outside checks and other cash items.	155.83
9. Other assets.	434.77
Total assets,	\$302,523.56

LIABILITIES

10. Demand deposits, except United States Government deposits, public funds, and deposits of other banks.	\$250,235.05
11. Public funds of States, counties, school districts, or other subdivisions or municipalities.	14,000.50
12. United States Government and postal savings deposits.	442.23
13. Deposits of other banks, including certified and cashier's checks outstanding.	35.60
Total of Items 10 to 13: (b) Not secured by pledge of loans and/or investments.	1204,803.38
(c) Total Deposits,	\$264,803.38
14. Capital accounts:	
Common stock, 250 shares, par \$100 per share.	\$25,000.00
Surplus,	25,000.00
Undivided profits—net	47,720.18
Total Capital Account,	97,720.18
Total Liabilities, State of Maine,	\$302,523.56

County of Oxford, ss:
I, Ellery C. Park, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

ELLERY C. PARK, Cashier.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9 day of November, 1935.

GEORGE S. WILLIAMS,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

ERNEST M. WALKER
FRANK E. HANSON
E. E. WHITNEY

Directors.

Read the Citizen—\$2.00 a Year.

The Grunt

By BRUCE L. SCHMUNK
© McClure News Syndicate,
WNU Service.

JUSTIN wasn't the type one would encounter ordinarily in a line gang. In the first place appearance beguiled his age; secondly, he exhibited more grace of culture than accoutrements of physical prowess.

I looked at the fellow for a moment the morning that Mansel, the district superintendent, brought him to the service desk, and decided in the same moment that he would be a complete misfit.

Smiling at Mansel I asked, "Line gang?"

"Nothing else open?" he queried.

"Nothing," I replied.

"Then give him a chance there," he instructed me. "But," he hesitated to add, "work him into Squint's crew."

On the following morning without formality, Justin was installed in the line crew of Squint Makony. Squint was foreman, a powerful man physically, and a congenial one socially. To the "hot stuff" with which he had worked for twenty years he was a blood brother. Mike Rullo, the other veteran lineman of the gang, was a man in a very masculine sense.

Justin became, according to line-men's parlance, "the Grunt." He was to run errands, help load the truck, manipulate the ladders, handle the solder pot and bear the brunt of all jokes. It's a hard road from grunt to line-man.

One day soon after his inauguration, the Grunt was talking to Squint about the period of apprenticeship. He did not say that he would be willing to pay any price for a chance to climb, but such admission would have been superfluous; Squint knew it. Pete, overhearing the Grunt's remarks, seized the opportunity they afforded.

"You want to be a line-man, huh, boy?" he asked, blinding sarcasm with inflection.

Justin colored. "I was talking to Squint, Pete," he answered.

Squint, one eye almost closed, turned to the junior line-man. The latter understood the tact warning but ventured one more thrust.

"Okay, boss; but you ought to be orderin' a set o' rubber spurs for it. Them ones is made sharp."

The last consonant was still audible when a huge hand struck the side of the speaker's head. "You know it's time to lay off!" snapped Squint. "Now lay off!"

Although rain had fallen during the afternoon, there were no indications of an impending storm. The crews had gone off duty. Carter was at the service desk. He told me later he didn't realize there was a disturbance until one of the converters kicked over.

Within an hour four factories became paralyzed. Every minute cost the company money—penalty money. Squint's crew was the first called.

When I found them they were already at work on a pole about two hundred yards from the substation. The beam from the spot light on the truck enveloped Squint and Mike who were feverishly attempting temporary splices on the lower bank. Peter, carrying a searchlight, was walking the lines extending to the mills. The Grunt was making ready dry gloves for the men in the safety belts.

The mitts were half way to the top of the stick when it happened. A blinding flash of green light... a terrible hissing sound... a dull stecking thud as a limp body struck the mud... then silence. Mike sprawled in the muck; Squint hung motionless from his belt below the first cross arm.

The Grunt looked at me and coughed. I tried to swallow to relieve the nausea. Pete, who had run to us, stood shaking, inarticulate.

While I bent over Mike, the Grunt removed spurs and safety belt. Pete, shaking violently, came nearer. "Let's get him into the car!" I said. Pete responded as well as he could; the Grunt had gone. We turned in time to see him buckle his safety belt around the slippery pole. Pete's teeth were chattering.

"Boss," Pete managed to stutter, "the Grunt ain't never climbed a pole. He'll get burnt, sure as—." The words died in a crash of thunder.

der.

The kid on the pole swayed in the wind. We watched him dig in his spurs and then with difficulty tie a double hand line around Squint directly under his arms. Through a cross-arm brace he worked the rope, then called to the ground for action. A few inches at a time we let Squint down while the Grunt guided his head past bolt heads and projections. That sight I shall never forget. The Grunt fell the last ten feet.

Back in the substation hours later the crew foreman regained consciousness.

After the accident the complexion of the gang changed. Mansel transferred the Grunt to the main office. He is short two fingers crushed that night on the pole, but he is happy; Squint is on the job again. The man who thought of the rubber spurs is Grunt on one of the other crews now. Mike? Well, Mike hasn't been with the company since the night of the storm.

Rosin Exports Heavy

The foreign markets play a very vital part in the prosperity of American agriculture and indirectly, of course, the entire employment of the United States. Under normal conditions about half the cotton produced in this country goes abroad. Nearly 40 per cent of our tobacco is exported. Foreign buyers take half the dried fruit and approximately one-fourth of the canned fruit. Export markets are more important to the gum rosin industry than any other, fully two-thirds of the American production going abroad.

UPTON

C. A. Judkins, who is serving on the jury, was home over the week end and holiday.

Rev. R. S. Irons, formerly of this town, who has taken a parish in Craftsbury Common, Vt., was in town Monday this week getting his household goods that were stored at the Abbott House.

Miss Dorothy Twitchell of Oxford was a guest at C. A. Judkins' over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Prescott Tucker and two sons of Needham, Mass., spent the week end at their summer camp.

Everett Lane, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lane, was united in marriage last Friday evening with Miss Evelyn Bartlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bartlett of Ridgerville, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Peaslee.

Massachusetts isn't ahead of Upton, Maine, any on apple blossoms, as there is a tree in Upton blossomed now.

Mrs. Bertha Judkins is visiting relatives in Norway this week.

THE
BETHEL
NATIONAL
BANK

BETHEL, MAINE
IN BUSINESS
SINCE 1905

GROVER HILL

and Mrs. M. F. Tyler

over the White Mounta

road, Sunday and we

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Browne,

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Classified Advertising

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents, second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.

Each word more than 25, one cent per word the first week, and one-half cent per word each succeeding week.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—50-75 R. L. Red Layer Pulletts, 6 months old, good strain—also 7 weeks old pigs. LAWRENCE KIMBALL, R. F. D. 1, Bethel. 32p

We have a large lot of second hand dishes now on display besides a large assortment of other useful articles. We welcome your calls at all times. Bethel Auction Co. 32p

NOTICE—For Traders in Good Meat call at Sanborn Farm, next to Steam Mill. Any amount sold at reasonable prices. Fridays and Saturdays. FRANK SPRAGUE, Dealer in Livestock, Bethel. 22p

YARNS FOR RUGS and Hand Knitting. Samples and knitting directions free. H. A. BARTLETT, Harmony, Maine. 32

FOR SALE—WINTER APPLES, Northern Spies, \$1.50 per bushel basket. Baldwin, \$1.35. Snow, \$1.35. A No. 1 fruit. At the farm of A. R. MASON & SONS, R. F. D. 2, Bethel. 27p

FOR SALE—McIntosh Red Apples. M. F. TYLER, Bethel. 26p

WOOD FOR SALE—Seasoned under cover. Four foot, 16 inch or 12 inch lengths. FRED I. CLARK, Bethel. 20p

MISCELLANEOUS
RENT A MAYTAG Washer, \$1.00 per week. G. C. EAMES, Tel. 29-1012, Bethel. 32

LOST—Boston Bull Terrier. Finder please notify JACK CHAPMAN, R. F. D. 2, Bethel. 32p

FOUND—In Bethel Village, ladies' wrist watch. Owner may have same by proving ownership and paying cost of advertising at the Citizen Office. 32

Firearms, Ammunition, and Trappers' Supplies, bought, sold, and exchanged by H. L. BEAN, Bethel, Maine. Dealer in Raw Furs, Deer Skins, Hides and Pelts. 21p

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

Whereas John W. Westleigh, then of Mason, County of Oxford, State of Maine, by his mortgage deed dated April 29, 1919, and recorded in Oxford County Registry of Deeds, Book 344, Page 353, conveyed to James E. Westleigh a certain parcel of land situated in said Mason which is now a township, on the southerly side of the county road leading from near the schoolhouse in said Mason through Tyler-town, so called, to the Blanchard Cottage, so known, and bounded as follows: northerly by said road and by land of Ernest H. Morrill; easterly by land then of Solomon Westleigh and by land of said Morrill; southerly by Pleasant River; westerly by land then of Douglass W. Cushing and by land then of Wm. W. Hastings et al. Said real estate being all that part of the homestead farm, then so known, of said John W. Westleigh which lies on the southerly side of said road; and whereas afterwards said James E. Westleigh assigned said mortgage to Fred Hapgood by his deed of assignment recorded in said Registry, Book 412, Page 464, said Fred Hapgood being now the assignee owner of said mortgage; and whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken:

Now, therefore, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof, the said Fred Hapgood, by his Conservator, Mildred Hapgood Lyon, claims a foreclosure of said mortgage.

FRED HAPGOOD
by Mildred Hapgood Lyon
his Conservator
Dated November 5, 1935. 33

AS ADVERTISED ON
MARCH OF TIME

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

MISS ETHEL HAMMONS

Many Bethel friends were saddened to learn of the death of Miss Ethel Hammons which occurred last Thursday afternoon at the home of her sister, Mrs. Roy Brown, at Berlin, where she had made her home for some time since failing health curtailed her activities.

Miss Hammons was born in Bethel Aug. 27, 1875, and for many years made her home in this town. Educated in the Bethel public schools and at Gould Academy, she early selected teaching as her life work.

For nearly 20 years she taught at

Portland, returning to Bethel a

number of years ago when she took

up the duties in the home where

her mother, Mrs. Rufus Skillings,

passed away. Falling hearing and

the beginning of heart trouble

which finally proved fatal caused

her to be somewhat of a shut-in

but she showed a motherly love

and devotion to her eldest niece and

assisted her in many ways to com-

plete her education, realizing her

ambitious hopes for her niece when

she proved so successful in her

work as nurse.

Miss Hammons was a Universal-

ist by faith and dearly loved her

church, always helping by faith and

good works to assist in any way.

Her patience and good cheer under

many trials and much ill health en-

deared her to all.

She is survived by her sister,

Mrs. Roy Brown of Berlin; a niece,

Miss Pauline Brown, R. N., of Hart-

ford, Conn.; and a nephew, Edward

Brown, of Berlin. There also sur-

vive three other nieces, Miss Thea

Hutchinson, R. N., of the Naval

Hospital, Washington, D. C.; Mrs.

Gifford Miller and Miss Florence

Hutchinson, now of Rumford; also

a nephew, Warren Hutchinson, of

Eastport. A little grandniece,

Marilyn Joan Miller of Rumford,

was a source of much joy and pride

to Miss Hammons.

Short services were held at her

late home in Berlin Sunday fore-

noon at 10 o'clock, after which she

was brought to Bethel, where fu-

neral services were held at 2:30 at

the residence of Mrs. Fred L. Ed-

wards, a relative, Rev. Henry C.

Stallard of the Berlin Congrega-

tional Church officiating at both

services. Interment was in the

family lot at Riverside Cemetery.

Floral tributes were profuse remi-

ders of the love and esteem felt

by many friends and relatives.

HANOVER

Mrs. Joe Hardy of Sanford was

a week end guest of her parents

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Dyer.

Mrs. Whitney and children, Eliza

and Charles, are moving into the

Stratton house in the village.

Mrs. Eva Hayford and son James

left Tuesday for Lawrence, Mass.

on route to Florida for the winter

months.

Clarence Longfellow of Hallowell

was a guest at the Dyers', Saturday

night and Sunday.

Mishemokwa Temple, Pythian

Sisters, held their regular meeting

Friday, Nov. 8. Luncheon was serv-

ed at 12:30 by the committee, Addie

Saunders, Amy Marston, and Nel-

lie Holt. This was the annual in-

spection by D. D. G. C. Amelia

Schwab of Rumford. There were

five visitors from Ellis Glen Tem-

ple, Andover, and five from Oozal-

lie, Rumford, and a large attend-

ance from the home Temple. A gift

from the Temple was presented

to the D. D. G. C. by Addie Saunders.

Mrs. Wallace Saunders was tak-

en ill Tuesday and is at her par-

ents' in Rumford.

Congratulations are being extend-

ed to Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Lapham

on their recent marriage.

FRED HAPGOOD

by Mildred Hapgood Lyon

his Conservator

Dated November 5, 1935. 33

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Rev. Herbert T. Wallace, Minister
9:30 a. m. Sunday School
11:00 a. m. Morning worship
Sermon subject, Life's Little Stage
6:30 p. m. The Comrades of the

Way.

7:30 p. m. The Fortnightly For-

um. The subject for discussion is

"Humor"—an evening with the

prince of American Humorists,

Mark Twain, the centenary of

whose birth is celebrated this year.

Members and friends are asked to

come with a quotation or anecdote

of Mark Twain to contribute to the

discussion.

METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. P. J. Clifford, Minister
9:45 Sunday School
11:00 Morning Worship
6:30 Epworth League
7:30 Evening Service.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Sunday School at 10 o'clock
Services Sunday morning at
10:45.

"MORTALS AND IMMORTALS"

is the subject of the Lesson-Sermon that

will be read in all churches of

Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, Nov.

17, 1935.

The Golden Text is "We that are

in this tabernacle do groan, being

burdened: not for that we would

be unclothed, but clothed upon, that

mortality might be swallowed up

of life." (2 Cor. 5:4).

Among the citations from the

Bible is the following: "The Lord

knoweth the days of the upright:

and their inheritance shall be for

ever." (Psalms 37:18.)

The Lesson-Sermon also includes

the following passage from the

Christian Science textbook: "Sci-

ence and Health with Key to the

Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy:

"In Science, man's immortality de-

pends upon that of God, good, and

follows as a necessary consequence

of the immortality of good." (Page

81:28.)

Testimonial meeting first Wed-

nesday of every month at 7:30, un-

til

Mary Ellen's Future

By KARL GRAYSON

Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.

"I CAN'T understand," said Mary Ellen, "why you're so excited about this fortune teller person we're to meet tonight. It all seems so silly and absurd."

"He isn't a fortune teller," Lucy Murdock insisted, almost sharply. "He's a palmist. And there's a great deal of difference!"

Mary Ellen shrugged. "They're both the same," she replied. "To me, anyhow. It's all so silly. Imagine anyone being able to predict your future. Bosh!"

"Well, anyway," Lucy said lightly. "He sounds interesting, and it'll be loads of fun meeting him."

Mary Ellen got the surprise of her young life when she and Lucy arrived at Sally Hathaway's party that night. The "palmist" was already among those present. Very much so. In fact, it looked to Mary Ellen and Lucy as if there wasn't anyone else of importance in the room.

"Isn't he exciting looking?" Sally asked, taking each of the girls by an arm and leading them into the living room where a tall blond person with laughing blue eyes was the center of an interested group.

"But—but," Mary Ellen faltered. "I thought fort-palmists were queer old men with whiskers. This one—he-your guest, seems quite young and—human," she finished lamely.

Sally laughed and nudged Lucy, "Bob isn't really a palmist," she said. "He's a lawyer by profession. Palmistry is merely a hobby which interests him immensely."

They had paused, unnoticed by the tall youth, on the group's edge.

"As a matter of fact," Bob Traynor was saying, "palmistry is actually a scientific study of the construction of the human hand. There's no guesswork about it. Time and time again I've been able to predict accurately facts concerning people's futures."

He paused, and impulsively Mary Ellen stepped forward. "I wonder," she said with the faintest of twinkles in her brown eyes, "if you can tell me my name. Most fortune tellers are able to do at least that."

Bob Traynor looked into Mary Ellen's brown eyes and smiled. "I'm not a fortune teller," he laughed, "but I believe your name is Mary Ellen Brown. You're not married, and won't be for almost a year. When you do marry it will be to a light-haired youth, to whom you've never been properly introduced."

Mary Ellen flushed to the roots of her hair. For a split second she

was seized by a panicky desire to flee from the circle of laughing faces. Her lips smiled, but inwardly she seethed.

"And you can tell me all this without even looking at my palm!" she said sweetly. "Well, I can do as much for you. Your name is Bob Traynor. You're a lawyer. You're not married. And you won't be, not at least, within a year."

It was Bob's time to flush. Mary Ellen had turned the tables nicely.

Sally Hathaway foresaw trouble and interceded. The group broke up, much to the relief of the two young people who had not as yet been "properly introduced."

Later Bob managed to get Mary Ellen into a secluded corner. "I'm sorry," he began without preliminaries. "I didn't intend to be rude. But when I looked into your eyes, well—" he faltered.

And Bob went on breathlessly: "I didn't need to look at your palm to predict your future. I knew then that that light-haired man was coming into your life and—and—"

Again he faltered, and Mary Ellen began to feel her heart beat wildly. Yet she managed to retain an outward calm.

"And?" she asked, her voice scarcely audible.

Bob Traynor swept a spot of moisture from his forehead. He seemed to be groping for the right words.

"Mary Ellen," he blurted. "May I hope—well there—that is, I wish—"

Mary Ellen suddenly laughed.

Every trace of anger and humiliation that he had caused her was swept aside. In its stead was a new emotion, a queer feeling of ecstasy that she had never before known.

"Heretofore," she said, looking deep into his eyes, "I thought fortune telling and palmistry was all rot. But perhaps—I may have been wrong."

Her meaning to Bob Traynor was quite clear. And had Sally Hathaway at that moment not put in an appearance, he might have said things to Mary Ellen about her future that no palmist ever dreamed.

Snake's Venom Glands
The fangs of a venomous snake consist of a pair of hypodermic teeth in the upper jaw connected with the venom glands in the temples. In some of the vipers they are long, slender needles, but others, such as the cobra, have stubby needles, like thorns on wild plum trees.

Gives Gay Touch



A breezy little cape of checked flannel tweed is a gay and warm addition to the wool dress or suit. Here it is in dark blue and white with matching blue velvet collar and is worn over a navy blue tweed suit.

There is nothing that earnest men enjoy talking about as much as shop.

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE
© Bett Syndicate
WNU Service

Pick your job as early as you can. If possible choose something to do in which

Your job you are interested, not because it is something you think you know how to do.

In this country, as in many other countries, there are thousands of people who suffer because they took the wrong job.

Don't do that, if you can help it. It is likely to make you miserable and heart sick to the end of your days.

If you find out, after a start, that you have no adaptability for what you are doing, shift over to something else, even if you have to work for less pay.

You will never succeed in a job that you hate.

Once you have decided on what you want to do, and are making reasonable progress in it, study "on the outside."

Read up on it. Get acquainted with people who are doing the same kind of thing.

Cut out going to the "movies" so often, and bone up in matters that you are a little vague about.

Read books and magazines that deal with your particular calling.

Join associations of men who are in the same line as you are, and who like to talk about it.

There is nothing that earnest men enjoy talking about as much as shop.

And if they do this, with people who like it also, they will find that they are making progress.

Naturally you will want to know men in other lines. You would become narrow if you did not.

But choose your closest associates with men who are just interested in your kind of work you are.

This is rapidly becoming a nation of specialists.

It stands to reason that if you are an engineer, you will get more enjoyment out of a meeting of engineers than you would out of a meeting with dry goods salesmen.

See as much as you can of your own sort.

Exchange information and ideas with them.

Don't be afraid that will narrow.

A man who is mastering his business will never get narrow. On the other hand he will develop breadth of mind and his mental growth will increase.

Times are getting better. Employment is not so uncertain. The country is coming out of its travail and going back to work, and though you may be on the shelf at the present, are going back with

Be ready for opportunity when it comes along.

I can still remember my first day at school.

My mother committed me to the care of a sour-faced school teacher who said gloomily:

"Well, when he finds out that there isn't a place to be coddled, he probably get along all right. He does them do."

It was not a very pleasant introduction. Nor did the grins of soon-to-be-playmates cheer me very much.

That was a good many years ago, but I still remember my efforts to keep back the tears.

My early school days were very happy.

Children do not mean to be cruel, but many of them are little devils.

For days I watched the youngsters at recess, but none of them invited me to share their games with them.

At last, however, I became so easy and by and by I was given the cold shoulder. I fear, to other newcomers, exactly as my early school pupils had given it to me.

Children grow out of their badness and fear of other children very early.

But the sensitive ones still remain from the contact with their playmates unless they are lucky to find a teacher who likes and understands children, and doesn't think they are little imps because they sometimes misbehave.

Most healthy and right children misbehave now and then. "Tis their nature to."

If it wasn't for them, the days of school would be rather better for the orphans who for the first time in their lives leave the shelter of the home and go to do battle with reading and writing and arithmetic.

I look back to a great many bad times that I had in my early youth.

And I wonder if new teaching and training methods, with protection for the newcomer, is a feature of modern schooling.

I hope for the sake of the little ones who were as lonesome and unhappy as I was for the first term I was in school that they are better protected from their fellow pupils than I was. But perhaps I am hoping against hope.

Human nature is still human nature, and it begins its devilry at the cradle stage.

TOPNOTCHERS by KET



In his book, "The Economics of Recovery," Mr. Leonard Ayres of the Cleveland Trust company, at Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "The lesson of this depression is that we cannot afford any more great wars." True. A prevailing and rather persistent notion argues today that war brings prosperity. If we had another great

war, all securities would increase in value and the produce of the soil like wheat and other grains would rise to fabulous prices. The fallacy of this argument is at once apparent when we consider the fact that the aftermath of the last great war was the depression through which we have been passing. In the same book Mr. Ayres writes: "The depression is one of the major consequences of the war."

The total cost of the last great war was upwards of two hundred billion dollars, shared by all the nations involved. An indebtedness so staggering as to leave ruin in its path; bankruptcies, wrecked fortunes, unbalanced budgets and economic failures. Yet in spite of this clearly defined evidence, some persons still insist that war brings prosperity.

Let us remain sufficiently sober in our judgment to ask, can we afford another depression? Surely we cannot. Then we cannot afford another war.

The economic consideration, however, is not the most serious aspect of the case. The loss of the man power of our country distinctly forbids another war. Ruined homes and broken hearts with a corresponding loss of "morale," even in spite of organized efforts of relief, do not argue for prosperity or for national security. One of the most

important views, expressed by some men in high places of responsibility, is their apologetic attitude for having persuaded others to a favorable aspect of the last great war. In some of their published addresses they frankly apologize to the "dead soldier" whose life was sacrificed on the battlefield of the last war.

Since the recent war has left nothing but ruin in its trail, we are asking in all seriousness, just how safe is our western civilization when the modern weapons of warfare have supplanted the gun and sword with air raids, poisoned gas and diseased germs. We frankly admit we cannot afford another war if we want to preserve what is left of the culture of our civilization and save for posterity the soul of America.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Champion Archer



Madeline Taylor of Brooklyn, N.Y., who won the national archery championship in 1933, captured the eastern title this year. She took part in the tournament at Newton, Mass.

PA
GRA

PAGE OF READING FOR THE FAMILY

By JOHN BLAKE
© Bell Syndicate
WNU Service

GRANITE STATE



Granite Quarry in New Hampshire.

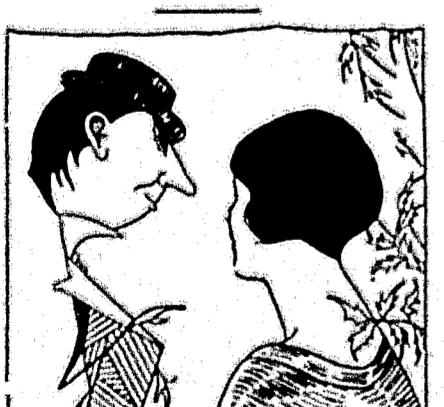
Prepared by National Geographic Society,
Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, the Granite state, claims primacy in many things. In 1776 its Constitutional assembly adopted the first written constitution to be enjoyed by any of the states. Two years before this it was on New Hampshire soil that the first armed blow was struck at British domination, when a band of patriots, led by John Sullivan and John Langdon, overpowered the small garrison at Fort William and Mary, in Portsmouth harbor, and took away the stores of powder. These were hidden beneath the pulpit in the old meeting house at Durham and were later taken to Bunker Hill, where another New Hampshire patriot, John Stark, used the ammunition in the engagement which first showed the quality of the New England rebels.

Apropos of Stark at Bunker Hill, there is a story that two British officers were watching the debarkation of their troops and were looking toward the crest of the hill where the Colonists had gathered. "Will they fight?" said one to the other. And his companion, who had served with Stark during the Indian wars, replied, "If one John Stark is there, they'll fight." The annual celebration of Bunker Hill day in Boston is in consequence something of an irritation to the New Hampshire mind, because it recalls that New Hampshire furnished most of the men, and that it was the strategy of John Stark of that state which gave the Colonials their success.

It is somewhat surprising to note that this same John Sullivan who led the midnight marauders at Fort William and Mary should have proved so cautious a member of the Continental congress which formulated the Declaration of Independence.

WISE CHOICE?



Newlywed—I didn't marry your family, only you.
Mrs. Newlywed—I know, dear. I was the only fool in the family.

... is still human... begins its devils... stage.

YOUTH AND THE MODEL "T"

By ANNE CAMPBELL

A PUFF and a squeak, and it's plain to see,
My daughter is having company!
They all pile out of a Model "T"!

It's covered with paint of a lurid hue—
Red and yellow and purple, too,
And the windshield is strange to the adult view!

But the fifteen-year-olds who all say it's "hot"
Are gay as if pulled in a chariot
By six white steeds on a movie lot!

It wheezes and makes a peculiar noise
That is drowned by the laughter of the boys
Who call for the girls in this weirdest of toys!

And I laugh, as I think I would rather be
Eddie and Jack with that Model "T"
Than the wealthiest magnate of history!

Copyright.—WNU Service.

to the uses of peace, one as a dye plant, and the other for the manufacture of gypsum products, the raw material being brought from Nova Scotia.

At Portsmouth, too, was built the Kearsarge, with oaken timbers taken from the slopes of the mountain whose name she bore. She laid her bones upon a Caribbean reef, but New Hampshire does not forget that her record is written—Portsmouth, Cherbourg, Roncador.

The embargo act laid a heavy hand upon our shipping, but coincident with it came the beginning of that development of our water powers which has created the industrial cities of which we continue to be proud.

Thus New Hampshire stands forth today, the little state with the big history. Its population is almost stationary, succeeding censuses giving it little beyond the natural increase. Its taxable inventory, though jacked high by the ingenious devices of modern taxing boards, is probably exceeded by several private fortunes in the United States; but still the people of the state manage to have most of the things which modern life insists to be necessary.

New Hampshire's automobile registrations, for instance, are in such number that it is possible to take the entire population of the state for a Sunday afternoon ride.

To accommodate them the state has

developed a series of trunk highways, three in number, which traverse the state from the Massachusetts border to the Canadian line, piercing the White mountains and following the course of the state's greatest rivers. To these the commonwealth is adding cross-state roads, which will gild New Hampshire with modern highways.

Good State Institutions.

New Hampshire's state institutions provide for all the needs of the state's dependent, delinquent, and defective, and for its enterprising youth the University of New Hampshire presents expanding courses for the training of young men and women, who, unfortunately, in too great numbers, do not remain in the state to enable it to enjoy the fruits of its bounty to them.

Its public schools are now so arranged, so equipped, and so supported through state aid that no child need lack full 36 weeks of schooling each year, with free bus transportation and in some instances with a free lunch thrown in.

BEDTIME STORY

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

THE THREE WATCHERS

WHEN Paddy the Beaver slapped the water with his broad tail, making a noise like a pistol shot, Lightfoot the Deer understood that this was meant as a warning of danger. He was on his feet instantly with eyes, ears and nose seeking the cause of Paddy's warning. After a moment or two Lightfoot stole softly up to the top of little ridge

that in all probability Lightfoot had been there when Paddy gave the danger signal. "It's no use for me to try to follow him," thought the hunter. "It is too dry for me to track him. He may not be so badly scared after all. I'll just find a good place and wait."

So the hunter found an old log behind some small hemlock trees and there sat down. He could see all around Paddy's pond. He sat perfectly still. He was a clever hunter, and he knew that so long as he did not move he was not likely to be noticed by any sharp eyes that might come that way. What he didn't know was that Lightfoot had been watching him all the time, and was even then standing where he could see him. And another thing he didn't know was that Paddy the Beaver had come out of his house and, swimming under water, had reached a hiding place on the opposite shore, from which he too had seen the hunter sit down on the log.

So the hunter watched for Lightfoot and Lightfoot and Paddy watched the hunter.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

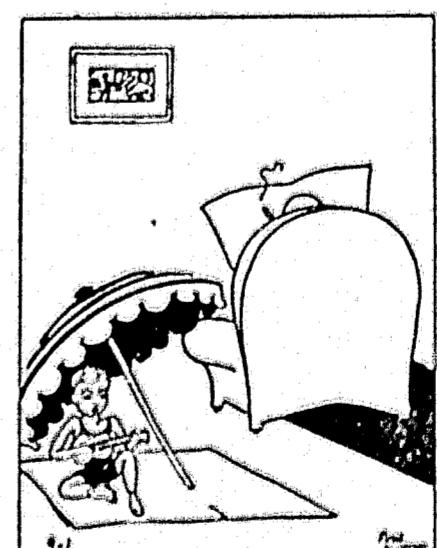
John Paul Jones Never Defeated, Never Wounded

John Paul Jones on the ocean during the American Revolution was as General Washington was on land—never known to be defeated in battle or to have received a wound, states a writer in the Washington Post. He displayed the fierce temerity of ancient sea kings in skirmishes and also possessed the knightly courage of medieval chivalry. In a day when seamen considered a capacity for picturesque and plentiful profanity as a mark of professional aptitude, he was distinguished by refraining from oaths and curses. He was never known to inflict punishment on his seamen by using a "cat of nine tails," or any similar weapon.

He was born at Arbigland, Scotland, on July 6, 1757, the son of humble parents. Without encouragement or protection, he, at twelve years, rose in a profession by employing his spare moments in study, readily overcoming disadvantages of education, to appear in a position his own energy advanced him. He embarked on a sea career. Years later he came to America to settle his dead brother's estate in Virginia. When he was twenty-nine years of age, patriotism seeped through his veins, and he joined the American navy.

He resolved to save the "Thirteen Colonies," wobbling in infancy after leaving England's apron string, from oblivion. He became first lieutenant of the Alfred flagship, and hoisted her flag in 1775.

PAPA KNOWS—



Racial Origins of Ethiopians
Ethiopia is a sort of melting pot of Africans and Asiatics of many races. Some of the blood came from ancient Palestine, some from Arabia, and some from the shores of the Caspian. The Ethiopians claim a strong relationship to the Semites.

"Pop, what is psychiatry?"
"Mining operation."

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

... awarded every five years... evening and had had friends, and didn't want to be called a... and coffee were served... I once won... that they were last seen together... never... witness... were... another card party the evening... near the place where the body was buried by the State.

... evening and had had friends, and didn't want to be called a... and coffee were served... I once won... that they were last seen together... never... witness... were... another card party the evening... near the place where the body was buried by the State.

Dec. 4

JORDAN'S ORCHESTRA

Ladies 15c Gents 25c

CAUGHT IN THE WILD By Robert Ames Bennet

WNU Service

Copyright by Robert Ames Bennet

SYNOPSIS

An Alan Garth, prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the airways emergency station. In it are Burton Ramill, millionaire mining magnate; his daughter, Lillith; and Vivian Huxby, pilot and mining engineer. Believing him to be only an ignorant prospector, the men offer to make an air trip to Garth's claim, although they refer to the platinum-bearing ore as nearly "worthless." Lillith Ramill, product of the Jazz age, plainly shows her contempt for Garth. Through Garth's guidance the plane soon reaches the claim site.

CHAPTER II—Continued

—3—

Garth vaulted upon the wing and walked in along it to the fuselage. The girl leaned from the big rear window of the cabin. "Give me your hand," Garth said. "I'll swing you up on the wing."

He knelt above her on the cabin roof and reached down. Her lips curled in a contemptuous smile.

"If that's the best you can do, I'll stay right here. I've no wish to go bathing."

"In that case, get out of the way. Your father wishes to see my prospect. I'll not waste time building a needless gangway."

She was the heiress to millions and had been reared in prodigal luxury. Never had she been treated so cavalierly as by this buckskin-clad prospector. She turned to her fiance.

"Vivian you heard the insolent fellow!"

Huxby grasped the wing tip to pull himself up. The girl's father spoke over her shoulder: "Stay where you are, Vivian. We're here to look at Garth's mine. He has agreed to help Lillith and me ashore. If she prefers to remain aboard, she may do so."

The girl looked both surprised and angered. She drew back into the cabin. Her father thrust out his head from the window to look up at Garth.

"Won't it be more than you can manage? I weigh over two hundred."

For reply, Garth reached down. The portly millionaire hung in Garth's grasp almost like a dead weight. Yet Garth swung him bodily up and around on the wing.

He led the limping gentleman out to the far end, near the tip, and lowered him down upon the top of the ledge. Before he could follow, Miss Ramill called out to him: "Come back for me. It should be safe enough. You did not drop Dad."

Garth looked up the gulch, smiled, and went to swing the girl out of the window. Up on the wing who clutched his shoulder as if to steady herself. Her scarlet-smeared lips curved in a patronizing smile.

"You're wonderfully strong!"

"More bone than muscle."

"Both! It was simply marvelous how you lifted Dad without losing your balance."

Out near the wing tip Garth drew his arm free from her clasp, caught her by the elbows, and lowered her into Huxby's upthrust hands.

She looked up and smiled. "So So of you, old dear."

Garth caught up his rifle, and set off across the easy up-slope from the lake shore. The others followed after him.

"What an odd-colored stone!" The girl turned to stare resentfully at the desolate grandeur of the mountains across the valley. "Did you ever see such a horrible place? It's almost as bad as those ash-heap mountains in the Mohave desert. Come along, Dad. Don't keep us here forever. This raw hole makes me sick."

Her father spoke irritably: "You wouldn't listen when I advised you to remain at Edmonton. Why didn't

you stay in the cabin, instead of following me ashore?"

"Oh, 'tune off,'" she complained. "It's quite enough to've dragged myself out on this God-forsaken dirt pile. Even the berries are sour. I'm going back."

Garth spoke without a trace of amusement:

"If you ask me, I think this little walk to the mine would be good exercise for Miss Ramill. When I left here last month, there was a she-grizzly with two cubs back along the lake shore. They may have gone off; maybe not. That pistol of yours wouldn't be of much use if you happened to blunder between the old lady and her young ones."

"You saw the beast, yet did not kill her," scoffed Huxby. "Pretty thin!"

"Not at all; she was quite fat. It happened, though, I had no need of meat or bear skins. Also, she was as willing as I was to live and let live, just so I kept away from her cubs."

Mr. Ramill started to overtake him. "Lead ahead, Garth. I came here to see your prospect, not to talk about shooting."

Garth went on, up aslant the tundra. When he came to where the smooth slope dropped into a shallow trough, a backward glance showed the girl and Huxby lolloping along behind her father. The portly millionaire came panting up beside Garth.

"Well?" he asked.

"There's my claim," Garth answered. "My lower stake is down at that cross dyke of gneiss, a thousand feet or so from the lake shore. The upper one stands about three hundred feet below those slide ledges. You could stake a claim above mine, but I doubt if you'd pay dirt. There is none at all between the lower stake and the lake. The dyke stopped the downdrift of the alloy. I sampled several acres. Beginning at the grass roots and going down to frost, the dirt ran from five to ten dollars a pan. This trough is a placer pocket—a cache filled by the age-long downdrift from those disintegrated veins up the mountain. My claim covers all or nearly all the deposit, and it is worth several hundred thousand dollars, if not a million."

The cool certainty of Garth's statement compelled belief. Mr. Ramill's ruddy face went blank.

His daughter looked at Garth with a sudden change from boredom and disdain to an interest that verged on respect. Here was sensation—something new. The despised woodsy vagabond of the wilds was not a pauper, after all! It was like a play, the wandering beggar boy disclosing himself to be the true prince. He had said, "a million!"

"That's my discovery stake," Garth replied. "Wasn't looking for gold in this trough. Just happened to notice the gray metal where the spring gush of the rill had torn the moss from the gravel. About my digging, I must beg to be excused. What if I should happen to drop a handful of that galena into the hole, when your expert was not looking?"

Ignoring the irony, Huxby pulled the shovel from the dugout shelter and gorged into bed of moss. Mr. Ramill stooped his portly body to pick up the gold pan.

Huxby shoveled clear the moss and black humus from a space two feet or more square. He tossed aside a few stones the size of his fist, and took the gold pan from Mr. Ramill to load it with gravel. They went a few steps down slope to the edge of a lower pool.

None too dexterously, Huxby dipped water into the pan and began to rotte the contents. After more than twice the time an old prospector would have needed for the operation, the mining engineer worked the pan clear of all except a spoonful of dull nodules.

Miss Ramill had stretched out to bask in the summer warmth.

With the up-slope of the sun towards the noon of the nineteen-hour day, the breeze had died down.

The calm brought a swarm of mosquitoes up-slope from the lake shore. The girl put on her head

net, covered the unbooted part of her legs with caribou moss, and resumed her sun-bath.

Out of the tail of his eye Garth watched Huxby and Mr. Ramill. When he saw the two get their net-draped heads together over the gold pan, he rose and went towards them. The tread of his moccasins was noiseless. Before the two noticed his approach, he stood looking down over their shoulders.

"Not half bad for a starter," he said. "At least five dollars in your first pan."

"Hardly that value," replied Mr. Ramill. "Admitting there is some platinum in this alloy, I am afraid you're a far too sanguine young man. Call it five per cent platinum and five of gold. That leaves ninety per cent of silver and lead, with of course traces of iridium and osmium."

"Yes, move the decimal point of your million three places to the left, Jack," said Huxby. "It brings your wonderful fortune down to a few thousands. To sluice this placer, freight out the alloy, and pay for separating the metals will leave slim profits. There may be none at all."

"Too bad you've had all your trouble for nothing," Garth replied. "I counted on your finding it a real strike—the first big platinum deposit located in North America."

Mr. Ramill rose to lay a consoling hand on his shoulder.

"Never mind, my boy. You'll recall what I told you about my encouraging worthy prospectors. I stand by that now. I will give you two thousand dollars for this prospect, and take the chance of getting back my money by large-scale placering."

"You're too generous," Garth protested. "I couldn't think of taking your money. In fact, I'll have to own up I had a little testing acid with me when I happened upon this gray alloy. So, as I do not believe in cheating, suppose we head back for the Mackenzie."

The millionaire mine buyer chuckled and clapped him on the back. "Boy, you're a whole lot less a fool than you look."

Huxby stared hard. Then pocketed the alloy, he went for the shovel.

"Good idea," Garth said. "A pan from above Discovery, one below, and the same from three or four hundred feet out each side—they'll tell you whether or not it's merely a small pocket."

Without replying, Huxby set off up the trough. Mr. Ramill limped slowly after him.

Miss Ramill appeared to have fallen asleep. She lay still, protected by her net from the mosquitoes that tinged about her head.

Relieved from the company of his unpleasant travel mates, Garth stretched out like the girl. He thought of the vast length of time that had been required to erode the side of the mountain above him. Nature had spent ages in collecting these hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of precious alloy upon which he now lay basking. And he had chanced to stumble upon the treasure near the end of a trip of which exploration and adventure had been the prime motive and prospecting only a side issue. Now, by law, he was sole owner of all this wealth.

He thought of the two men upstream whom he had brought to share in his good fortune. They had thanked him by seeking to lie and cheat him out of it all. But that was the nature of far too many men. There was no reason to be surprised or angered. They had failed to outplay him with their stacked cards. He looked at a clump of alpine blossoms close beside his elbow, and smiled.

Up-slope he heard the swirl of gravel in the gold pan. After a time the sound died out. His keen ear caught the dull tread of heavy feet on the turf.

Mr. Ramill turned toward Garth. "We will go back to the plane for lunch while considering the matter."

"Only for a short time," Huxby qualified. "I intend to return here for more sampling. No need of you troubling to join us."

Garth saw that his company was not wanted. "Thanks. I'm not hungry. Come to think, I'll go down to the lake and make sure my lady grizzly isn't lurking in the bush."

"Your phantom bear," mocked Miss Ramill. "Watch out she does make a ghost of you."

Under cover of his smile at the gibe, Garth caught the glance that passed between her father and Huxby. The girl had said "Watch out" was the word.

He swung down the trough with no sign of hurry. The length of his gliding stride made his movements appear leisurely. Without looking back, he slanted in among the scrubby spruces. A mass of the dense evergreens put him out of sight of the three checkmates on the open tundra. He turned sharp to the right. Midway down the brush-fringed lake shore, the tall spruces stood well spaced. He broke into a run.

A vista between the trees offered him a view upside. He halted behind a screen of young aspens to look. The three had already reached the side of the trough. They started to hurry on aslant the mountain side. Lillith Ramill and Huxby had the girl's heavy-bodied father between them. They were helping him along twice as fast as he could have made it without their aid.

No more was needed to confirm Garth's suspicions. He glided across the glade and ran on through the woods like a startled caribou. The thick growth of spruces screened him from the view of anyone up on the open tundra.

He vaulted upon the wing of the monoplane and ran along it to jump into the cockpit. In a moment he had hold of Huxby's tool-kit. He went at the engine like a skilled airplane mechanic.

When, after a few moments of quick work, he replaced the tool kit and ran back out the wing, there was a small metal object inside his buckskin shirt. He jumped off and slipped away to an alder thicket, a short distance along the lake bank.

Less than three minutes later, he heard a heavy puffing and wheezing and the snap of dry branches. The three staggered into sight. Mr. Ramill was purple from exertion. His mouth gaped wide with his gasps for breath. Neither his daughter nor Huxby was winded. Both were flushed from the exertion of supporting the portly millionaire.

The girl's expression was one of disgust and anger. She stopped several feet short of the plane.

"Oh, d—n! Why the rush? We're out of sight now. I'm going to take a rest."

Her father was beyond words. As she let go of his arm he slumped down with a suddenness that almost pulled Huxby over on top of him. The mining engineer peered back through the spruces, and around at the thicket where Garth lay in wait.

"Just one more go, darling," he appealed. "The fellow must know how to handle his rifle. If he comes in sight of the plane before we get out of range—Please sweetheart! Remember it means millions to millions! I'll give you that emerald necklace we saw at Tiffany's."

"You certainly will! And did you do more. I'm to have a child in this mine that you say is worth so much. Is that clear?"

"Yes, darling; take hold," Huxby urged. "We both agree."

She waved him towards the plane. "Fetch a flask. We'll never get him aboard without a brace."

Huxby ran to vault up on the wing. The girl had pointed out the obvious fact. Her father was in a state of collapse from overexertion.

He could not move until revived, and he was too heavy for them to lift bodily.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
Western Newspaper Union.

Early to Rise



SUCH IS LIFE

By Charles Sughroe

A MEAN TRICK!



JUST A LITTLE JOKE ON YOUR MOTHER=THE PUP AND I HAVE BEEN SHARING A CAN OF "CORN BEEF HASH" WITH A LABEL OF A CAN OF "DOG FOOD"

Travel Note
"What is the difference between valor and discretion?"

"Well, to travel on an ocean liner without tipping would be valor."

"I see."

"And to come back on a different boat would be discretion."

That Would Be Nice
Her Father—I do hope you appreciate that in marrying my

daughter you are getting a very big hearted and generous girl.

Young Man—I do, sir. And I hope that she has acquired those fine qualities from her father.—Toronto Globe.

Hard to Catch
He—Yes, the bullet struck my head and went crashing into space. She—How terrible! And did they get it out?—Capper's Weekly.

Lovely Skin!
Reward of constant care

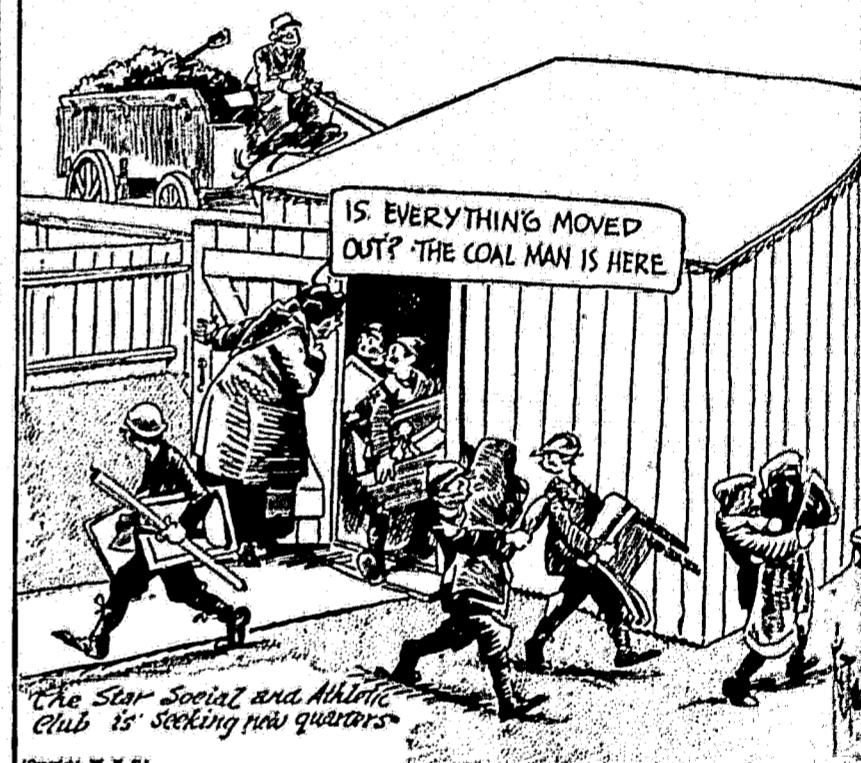
With Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. Let these gentle emollients be your beauty aids. At night bathe freely with hot water and Cuticura Soap. If any signs of pimples, blotches, red, rough skin appear, anoint with Cuticura Ointment. Daily care will help to keep the skin clear and attractive.

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AMAZE A MINUTE
SCIENTIFACTS ~ BY ARNOLD



Events in the Lives of Little Men



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100 patches in a

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Continued

the Slaves in
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ELASTIC ICE!
ICE AT LOW
TEMPERATURES
BRITTLE WHERE
ICE NEAR 32° F.
IS ELASTIC AND
WILL BEND,

world may be improving in
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to figures gathered by
son, wife of Britain's for-
mer. There are three times
slaves in the world today
as there was 100 years ago
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trading is carried on open-
ly in the larger cities of
a slave market adjoins
Mosque of Mecca. Oddly
Libya, which at one time
was a slave market, is now
one of the United States,
800,000 slaves numbered
2,500,000 population. Slave-
exists in many parts of
many parts of China and
Africa.

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for, awarded every five years, evening and had had trouble, and he didn't want to be called a murderer. Nineteen witnesses were to another card party the evening of Dec. 4.

Continued on Page Four

what
Irvin S. Cobb
thinks
about:

The Cultural Expansion
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—
What a war it has been for
education.

They were savages, ruthless
and very ignorant. But now
they know about the armored
tank and the screaming shell
and the admirable flame thrower
which cooks the flesh on the living
bone. They were isolated. Dat ole



long-distance gun, she sho' kin find
you wherever you's at; all she wants
is you' home address. They had
barbaric pride—twas the breath in
their black nostrils—but poison gas
would be the cure for that foolish-
ness. Like foxes, they den in the
earth. The scout plane comes and makes scrap of
their bodies. Like lions, the naked
spearsmen advance; the machine
gun levels the ranks down flat. Like
moles, the fugitives burrow under
the mud walls. So, with his high
explosives, the white man blasts
them out.

Verily, there is no excusing any
race, however remote, however
backward, for failure to share in
the cultural beauties of this modern
civilization.

Joe Robinson's Elegance
SENATOR Joe Robinson, some-
where in Arkansas, Dear Sen.—
I hear some of the boys are agin you
for re-election because you've been
guilty of spats in the first degree.
If your homefolks predicate fitness
for office on ruggedness of feet,
Primo Carnera is their man. But
if they want brains at the other
end to balance the load, I insist
you've got the credentials.

I know how you've suffered. You
put on spats, and, just about the
time you quit being self-conscious,
the weather turns warm on you.

Still, a more tolerant day is dawn-
ing. Why, the first time I wore
spats in Paducah I needed police
protection. It was a good thing for
me I wasn't a Yankee.

So cheer up, Sen. At least they
didn't prove a monocle on you.
Yours sympathetically, Cobb.

A Week of Peace
TO THE sentimentalists amongst
us, the pearl of the moment is
that we may run out of these some-
thing-or-other weeks. You know,
weeks dedicated to hay fever or san-
itary plumbing or ankle-length un-
ion suits of anemic Armenians. Yet
we, only have 52 weeks to start
with.

The surest way to spoil a good
thing is to overdo it. That also goes
for salad dressings, four-plus pants,
rice pudding and the young thing
who puts so much make-up on her
eye lashes she looks as though she
were peeping out through two but-
tonholes in an old plush vest. Any
party could gain a lot of votes by
inserting a plank in its platform
calling for just one plain, old-fash-
ioned week starting without excite-
ment on a Monday and ending very
quietly the following Sunday.

Tugwell and Native Sons
UNTIL he hauled off and made
that speech recently, Professor
Tugwell was leading the brain trust
with the title of Chief Lobe. He
may still be that, but just the same,
if I were Tugwell, I believe I'd fol-
low the advice which the fire de-
partment prints on the theater pro-
grams. "Look about you now and
choose the nearest exit."

Speaking of vanishing species,
whatever be one of the pedestrian

classes in America—you know, peo-
ple who went places by the quaint
old-fashioned process called walking?
Today the population seems
exclusively to be made up of two ma-
jor groups—those with cars who are
riding and those with thumbs who
crave to do so.

And, speaking of traveling, I've
discovered what, in the modern
sense of the term, is a true Cali-
fornia native son. A native son is a
fellow who has been here long
enough to sell his trailer.

Romance in Every Life
There is romance in every life,
if we had but the eyes to see it
and the heart to understand.

The Pewter Muggers
The Pewter Muggers was a New
York faction of the Democratic
party which was opposed to the
Tammany candidates in 1828. Their
meetings being held in a Frankfort
street resort over pewter mugs, the
name was affixed by their oppo-

PREPARATION
Be sure you can think before you
undertake to study.

**WHAT WERE
YOUR PULLET
LOSSES LAST
NOVEMBER?**

**MANAMAR
FEEDS**
and you will effectively
check those losses. Ask your
dealer or write THE PARK & POLLARD CO.,
384 Hertel Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. 127 Boston, Mass.

KILL THAT COLD (Now)
Take **LANE'S COLD TABLETS**

STOP THAT DRIP IN YOUR TOILET
tank. Use right ball—30 cents. Guaranteed
4 years. Postage paid. SHIELDS BROS.,
PORT WASHINGTON, NEW YORK.

Firestone GROUND GRIP TIRES WILL PULL YOU THROUGH.



**REGARDLESS of
WEATHER!**

WITH these new Firestone
Ground Grip Tires you can now
go from one farm to another with
no trouble at all, or you can drive
into town no matter how bad the
road conditions are. They will
give Super-Traction in mud—
snow—or soft ground—and you
save time and money as you do
not need chains.

No farmer can afford to be
without a set of these new Firestone
Ground Grip Tires this winter for
his car or truck.

See your nearby Firestone
Auto Supply and Service Store or
Firestone Tire Dealer today and
end your winter driving troubles.
Specify these new Firestone Ground
Grip Tires on the new tractor you
are buying.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Richard
Crooks, Nelson Eddy, Margaret Speaks, Monday
evenings over Nationwide N.B.C.—WEAF Network

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JORDAN'S ORCHESTRA

Ladies 15c—Gents 25c

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Judd Tripp of the Pan American Airways handing to Postmaster General Farley the only bid received for the proposed trans-Pacific air mail service. 2—K. Fotich, new minister of Yugoslavia to Washington, and his wife arriving in New York. 3—New National Archives building in Washington which has just been formally occupied.

Actual Holdup Under Way in Mexico



This photograph, made by Arthur D. Norcross, New York publisher, shows Mexican rebels relieving his car of his arms and ammunition after holding him up in eastern Sonora during a hunting trip in Mexico.

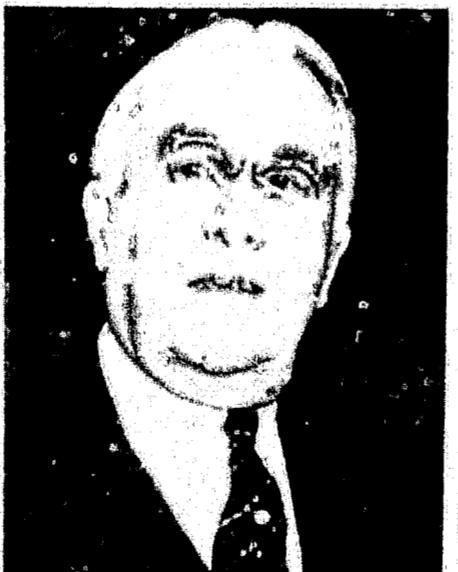
LEADING LADY



A leading lady at the age of four years was the prospect for little blonde Darla Hood, pictured above as she received Superior court ap-

roval on her contract with Hal Roach studios. The young actress, so the court was informed, will become the leading lady for "Our Gang" comedies. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hood, tiny Darla hails from Leedey, Okla., where her father is engaged in the banking business. Over a seven-year period the child will receive a salary from \$75 to \$750 a week.

SELRIDGE HONORED



Representative Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., of Beverly, Mass., who has formally announced his candidacy for United States senator, an office held for many years by his grandfather, who was one of the commonwealth's most distinguished senators. He is thirty-three years old.

LIKE HIS GRANDDAD



Leo Curley, son of Gov. James Curley of Massachusetts, pictured in action in his role of star guard of the Georgetown university football team.

Function of Art
The function of art is to use Plato's metaphor to turn the eye of the soul round to reality.

Lemonade Old Favorite
Lemonade was a favorite drink of Mongol emperors in China.

Honorable Discharge Long Delayed



Harold J. Vanness, an officer of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, shown as he handed George H. Meyer, eighty-six, his honorable discharge papers declaring him eligible for pension, after Meyer waited years for the official release. Meyer joined the Union army at the age of 15 and saw considerable action and was wounded in the Battle of Lookout Mountain. He celebrated his obtaining his discharge by staging a big party at his home in Omaha, Neb.

GOVERNOR'S SON



Wehib Pash, who was one outstanding military leaders of the Turkish empire during the war, is now in command of trained warriors of Ethiopia's Somaliland frontier. He is a master of tactics and strategy.

TURK HELPS HAIL



Wehib Pash, who was one outstanding military leaders of the Turkish empire during the war, is now in command of trained warriors of Ethiopia's Somaliland frontier. He is a master of tactics and strategy.

Will Rogers Medal Goes to His Widow



This "Spirit of St. Louis" aeronautical medal, voted to the late Will Rogers by the American Society of Mechanical Engineers before his death, was accepted by James H. Doolittle, noted flyer, and delivered to Mrs. Rogers at Santa Monica, Calif.

Early Fountain Pens Leaked

Fountain pens date back to the

Seventeenth century. They had ink in quill handles. And they leaked.

The Labrador Retriever, a dog from American dog stock, evolved as a breed in East Asia.